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# *The American* LEGION

APRIL 1935

M O N T H L Y

25 CENTS



PETER | RUPERT | FREDERICK | DEAN HERBERT  
B.KYNE | HUGHES | PALMER | F.GOODRICH





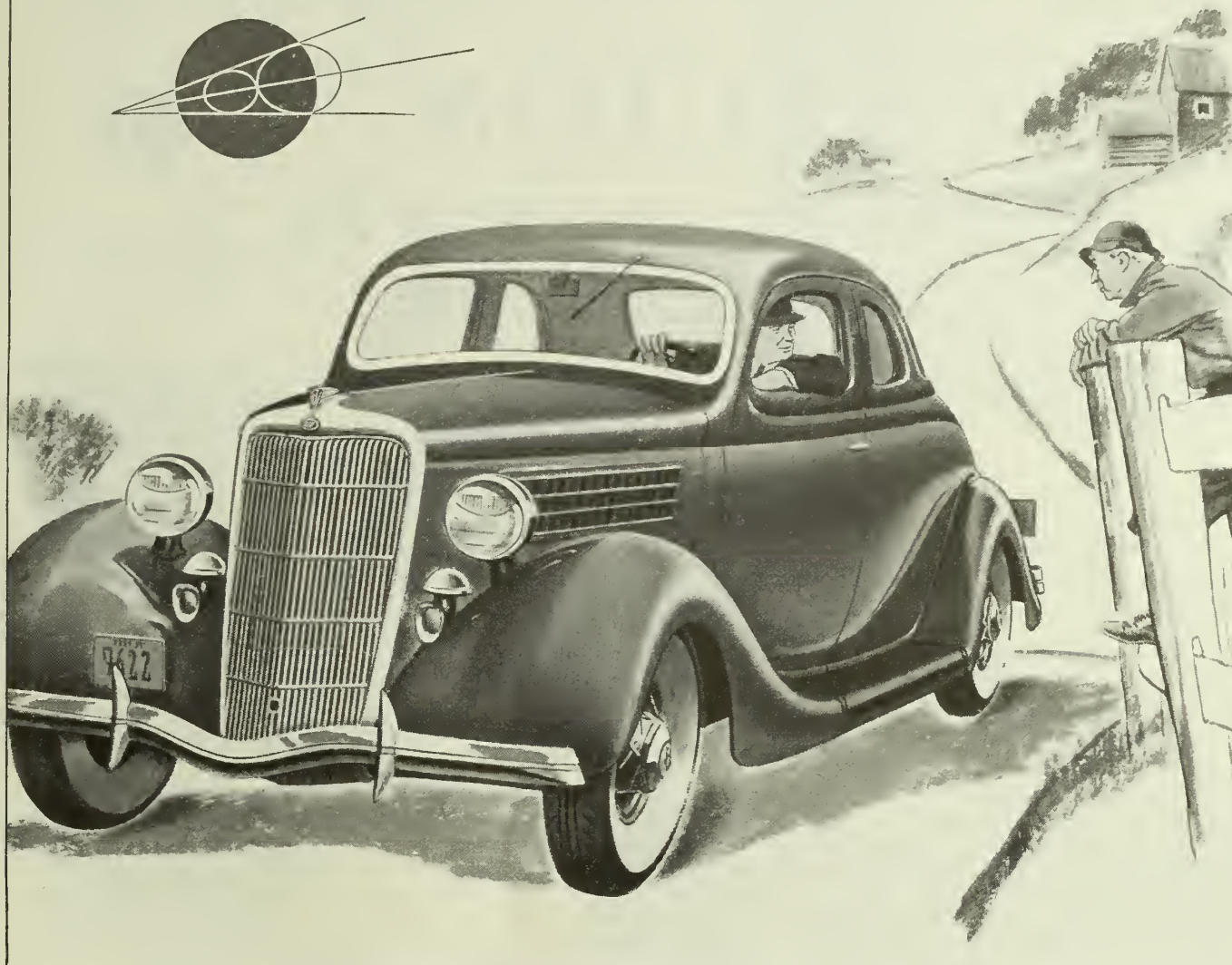


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*Square*

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*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

APRIL, 1935



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NOT THIS OR THIS BUT THIS  
WAR GAS AND HOKUM

ESCAPE INTO EDEN

THE NAVY'S IN HIGH  
THE CONSTITUTION AMONG FRIENDS

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS  
AWAY FROM PAIN

COME AND GET IT—SUGAR ON SNOW!  
MEMORIES OF M.I.D.: Conclusion

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ON THE WAR PATH AGAIN  
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BY THE LEGION—FOR THE TOWN  
TOO MUCH IS PLENTY  
BURSTS AND DUDS  
TURN OUT THE GUARD!  
SECURITY SPELLS PEACE  
NEWS OF VETERAN INTEREST

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# NOT *this*→ or THIS ↓



*IN Part-Time Farming on the Edge of Industrial Communities Connecticut Foresees Security for the Worker, Plus the Extermination of Both Town Slum and Rural Slum*

Because of this vital interest and because I realize the necessity of careful planning, I am going to try to set down some of my personal observations and experiences in a survey conducted in my home State of Connecticut

# *but* THIS→

*By*  
*William H. Garrigus*



SINCE the handle fell off the full dinner pail, back in 1929, all manner of schemes have been brought forth to solve our social and economic problems. EPIC plans and Utopian dreams have flashed across the sky, to sputter into fading light and finally into darkness like a flare over No Man's Land.

Last July our American Legion Monthly printed an article in which this writer set forth his idea of how the individual might work out his own problem by the subsistence homestead route. If mail is any indication of interest (and mail still comes), there is an active interest in the back-to-the-land movement among veterans. There are in actual operation at this writing several types of rural-industrial communities. There are many more in the works, and increased appropriations for subsistence homesteads are forecast for the present year.

to determine whether we could set up a subsistence homestead plan for the relief of the unemployed in a certain area.

My part in this survey was not important. We tried to put men where they could handle some phase of the survey that they were familiar with. I was detailed to an industrial survey and land procurement.

I stood on a hillside the other day, looking off over a stretch of land where the Connecticut Plan will be put into actual operation. This land is located in a low-tax area, within less than five miles of a live industrial center where we hope many of our part-time farmers will obtain part-time employment. Off to the south an engineer was busy mapping the property. To the east the smoke of factory chimneys could be seen. The blue waters of a little lake sparkled through the trees to the north.

Part-time farming has long been a part of the scheme of things in Connecticut. Early settlers here (Continued on page 48)



"UNIFORM" QUALITY . . . by *wly-*



Have you *tasted* America's Favorite?



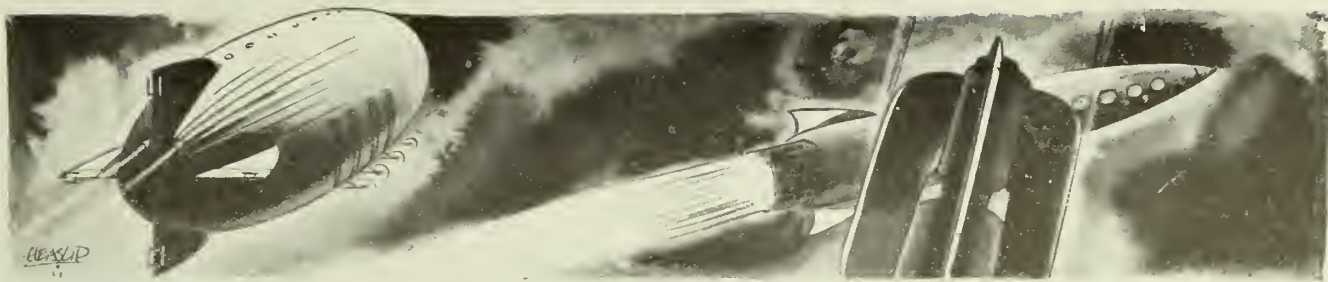
When you sit around talking over old times, bring out the Seagram's. A mellow story grows mellow with Seagram's at your elbow. The warm, full *taste* and uniform

quality of Seagram's Crown Whiskies have made them favorites with Legionnaires from coast to coast. *Say Seagram's and be Sure* Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

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# WAR GAS *and* HOKUM

*By H. L. Gilchrist, M.D.*

*Formerly Major General U. S. Army, Chief of Chemical Warfare Service*

**M**ACAULAY envisioned the day when a far traveler from New Zealand would stand upon the ruins of London Bridge and survey the desolation about him which had once been London. And recently another writer, H. G. Wells, has drawn for us a picture of the ghost metropolis of New York, a deserted city, whose once busy thoroughfares are piled deep with debris of years, a city full of tottering, rusty skyscrapers, from whose sides and cornices tumble death-dealing bricks and stones to fell any wanderer rash enough to venture exploration.

Extinct London and abandoned New York are nightmares of the future, and in fiction and prophecy they are almost always associated with the prior catastrophe of wholesale death from the skies—the extermination of a huge city's population by poisonous gas flung from an enemy's aircraft.

I recall that Mr. Wells wrote an earlier book in which he described grippingly the invasion and destruction of England by fighting men from Mars—machine-like beings who descended from space in weird metallic globes and aimed at earth structures rays so terrible that everything in their path was blasted or rent asunder.

Because we have come to accept the procession of wonders produced by science as commonplace, it is taken for granted by many that with the coming of the new day earth armies will use death rays, that ships riding in the darkness of the sky or shrouded by clouds in daylight will discharge upon cities and their peoples

*Illustration by*



the shafts of invisible death.

So, too, many take it for granted that any future war will bring with it the use of a new gas incredibly more poisonous than any known during the World War, that this gas, a purely imaginary one conceived in the minds of men with over developed bumps of imagination, will be so expertly used and on such a large scale that what World War armies did with poison gas will seem by comparison the crudity of children's play warfare.

The smoke of battles had scarcely cleared away on that eventful day in 1918 before these prophets of doom fired their first guns whose charges were loaded with accounts of the devastating effects of future war gases. With graphic language, colorful illustrations and meaningless statistics, not based upon true facts, they told their listeners that in the next war civilian populations will be wiped out as well as the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, thereby eliminating all forms of human life.

Since then buckets of ink, tons of paper and hours of oratory have been used in chronicling to the world the horrors and atrocities to be expected in future conflicts.

These statements to many of us appear absurd, misleading and unjustifiable, yet they serve the purpose of finding many willing hearers and ready listeners, with the result that the words "chemical warfare" arouse within them a feeling of antagonism, and a strong conviction of horror, brutality and inhumanity.

That many (Continued on page 54)

*William Heaslip*



# ESCAPE *into*

*by Peter B. Kyne*

*H*ORSES, *Horses, Horses, and a Woman Who Knew Them—And Knew Her Man As Well*

A MAN who has made a livelihood from race horses for thirty years must needs be callous to all the gradations of luck. Henry Pancoast thought he was, although his wife assured him daily he was not. Even upon occasions when the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune descended upon him practically in a deluge, old Henry was not aware that they had even dented his enormous optimism; nevertheless, the instant he entered their domicile, Nellie would look up and say:

"Well, father, don't feel badly. Sit down and cool yourself out and tell me all about it."

"Why, mother, how you talk! Ain't nothin' to cool myself out about."

"I'm glad," Nellie would answer. "I thought you looked just a wee bit depressed, father." And to that Henry Pancoast would reply: "Why, I'm finer'n silk, mother."

In the first year of their married life they had had a baby and it had died and they had never had another. Before its birth they had commenced calling each other father and mother and the sweet habit had never abated. To Nellie her husband was a child and always would be; to Henry, life without Nellie's motherly ministrations would have been insupportable. He would lie like a Chinaman to keep the slightest worry from her, nor did the fact that he had never succeeded in deceiving her tend to cure him of the habit—probably because Nellie was too diplomatic to accuse him of his crime and then proceed to prove him guilty. In the end he always confessed.

On a day during a winter meeting at Agua Caliente, Henry Pancoast caught the bus immediately after the last race and crossed the Border to the plain little furnished apartment he and Nellie occupied at Chula Vista. Nellie was broiling lamb chops when he thrust his face in the kitchen door and chirped:

"Hello, mother."

He thought he was the acme of cheerfulness.

"Did somebody claim Bon Ami, father?" she shot at him.

Father entered, claimed a perfunctory kiss and sat down at the kitchen table. "Yes, mother. That scrub, Cocky Steuben, claimed him. I was a fool to enter him in a claiming race for eight hundred but I knew none of the other owners in the race would claim the horse on me and I didn't think Cocky Steuben could show a hundred dollars if you stood him on his head. I won the purse and a hundred dollar bet at four to one, but Bon Ami was sound and worth at least fifteen hundred, so of course I lost him—and I had him coming along like a house afire; I do believe he

would have developed into a handicap horse."

Nellie came over and put her arms around him. "I told you when you en-

tered him you were taking a long chance, father?"

"Got to take long chances, mother. With purses so small these days we've got to run our horses oftener. Can't wait for a purse race. Got to take a chance and enter in claiming races."

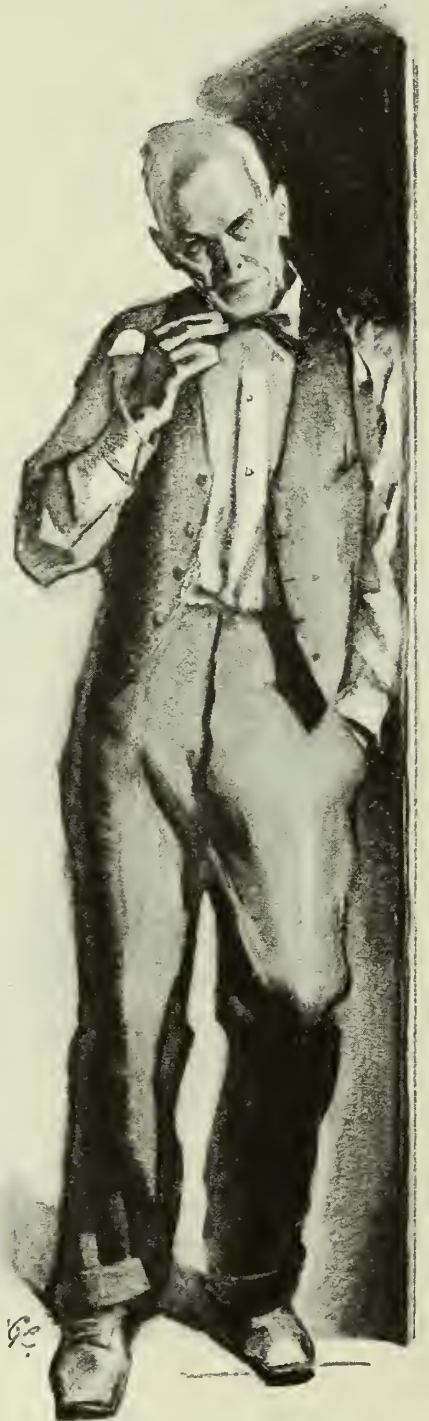
"Well," said Nellie, "I had an intuition somebody would claim him, so I sneaked over to the track this afternoon and bet a thousand on his nose. I laid off the Mutuels because I didn't want to depress the price on him, but at post-time the bookmakers were offering five and six to one and I averaged five and a half. So Bon Ami was well sold."

A lump came in Henry Pancoast's old throat and his mild blue eyes filled with tears. "Oh, mother, mother!" he choked and drew her faded cheek down to his. "What would I do without you?" Then he started as if snake bitten. "Woman, where did you get a thousand dollars to bet?"

"I've been saving up for years, father," she told him quietly.

Father reflected that mother now had sixty-five hundred dollars. Hurrah! They were rich, and instantly his blue devils fled the scene, for he knew he could depend on mother in a pinch. And he had to compliment her, so he said:

"Mother, you're a little old devil on wheels."



*Illustrations by  
Grattan Condon*





# EDEN



"True," mother replied without elation. "Nevertheless you're not going to get a cent of it. That's a nest-egg for our old age. You paddle your own canoe, father. It's your job to make a living for us."

"Ain't I always done it?" he protested, lamely.

"Of course, darling, but all too often on the fabric of our lives there have been worn spots and holes."

Father knew she was thinking of the feed men. "Never bothered me none," he blustered. "I'm known as an honest horse-man and my credit's never been questioned."

"I know, darling. But some day some feed man's credit may be

**"I hate the race track!" she said, keeping a grip on her emotions. "Henry Pancoast, don't you dare stand there thinking up fool arguments"**



questioned and then he may attach your horses for his bill."

"Oh, mother," the optimistic Henry declared, "you wouldn't let anybody do that to me, would you?"

Mother returned to her chops. It was high time the discussion was terminated, for she knew from long experience that a pessimist can never win over an optimist in any argument. And she knew, too, father already believed he had won the argument, such as it was. He sat there dreaming of all the things he could do with a capital of six thousand, five hundred dollars. First he would bide his time and claim Bon Ami back from the odious Cocky Steuben—

"If you claim him back," mother declared, "you'll do it with your own money."

The warlock! Father stared at her reproachfully and murmured: "Oh, mother!" Then he subsided. After thirty years' living with mother he knew the lady rather well.

"We had four horses when we came to Agua Caliente," he continued presently, "and now we're down to a badge horse. And we'll not own The Wop much longer. He'll be claimed as sure as death and taxes."

"I disagree with you," said mother, faintly severe. "Nobody but an insane man would claim that swindler. He's such an in-and-outer the judges will soon begin to suspect you of hippodroming."

"Mother, he's a stake horse!"

Mother chuckled softly. "Well, then, father, run him in stake races and handicaps and he can't be claimed." She turned from the stove and saw that he was in deadly earnest. "Why, father! Has the fool unkinked himself?"

"He has, mother—and in doing it, advertised himself to the world. I set him down for a mile this morning and he stepped it in thirty-eight."

"Grand!"

"Horrible! I told that knot-headed boy to breeze him a mile in forty-five. He's won in forty and forty-one—in cheap company, of course."

"Are you certain your watch is correct, father?"

"It always has been—and I've been clocking horses forty years."

"It doesn't seem possible."

"Well, the boy knew he'd had a ride. He came back to the stable and claimed the brute ran away with him and he couldn't hold him. The boy figured he'd stepped the mile in thirty-nine—and that boy has a clock in his head. His guess is seldom out more than a second."

"Well, that's liable to prove embarrassing—if the clockers caught him and that fast workout is advertised in tomorrow morning's *Racing Form*."

"I don't think anybody will believe it, mother. Folks'll think it's a printer's error."

"The judges may not think so—particularly if, in his next race, he steps the mile in forty-one."



"I'm worried, mother. I've never been accused—in fact, I don't think I've ever been suspected—of shooting at the moon. Mother, you know I'm always trying to win. And now this sluggish in-and-outer, who's lost six races for every one he's won, has suddenly decided to get a reputation for himself in a morning workout. Mother, I just don't understand it."

"Well, don't worry about it, father. If he does it again you can make up your mind your billy-goat is at the top of his form and has come to himself. Many a two-year-old that's a Derby prospect is a dismal failure as a three-year-old and more than one maiden four-year-old has come to life. There are horses you can't get a workout out of in the morning but they'll run your eyeballs out in the afternoon. And there are the morning-glories that are always last to come past the place where the money is. Racing horses is a lunatic business; at the end of a lifetime in that business one is still puzzling out mysteries. And generally one dies broke. Henry, I hate it. The older we grow the more it worries me. We've got to get a stake together and abandon the ponies. If we could only have a little chicken ranch somewhere . . ."

He knew she was close to tears, and he knew, too, that she was in deadly earnest, for she had called him Henry for the first time in nearly thirty years.

"I don't know any other business," he mumbled. "From race horses to chickens is a mighty long jump, and I imagine, if we tackled chickens, they'd get roup or black-head or something and we'd go bust anyhow. What do we know about the chicken business?"

"I was brought up on a farm," mother declared, with a catch in her voice. "You feed the chickens and clean the chicken-houses and I'll do the managing. We could live on so little."

"Mother, you know you could never be happy away from the race track."

"I tell you I hate it!" she said. "Henry Pancoast, don't you dare stand there thinking up fool arguments."

"I'm in a spot," he mumbled.

"Well, get out of it," she retorted and added, with feminine logic—"somehow."

"I'll think of it, mother."

"You'll not. I know you. But some day I'll get you out of it."

"All right, have it your own way, mother." And he got up and walked sadly from the kitchen. Although he was as hungry as a starving Armenian, when she placed the dinner on the table he declared he had no appetite—that he never could eat when his heart was heavy and it was about time she realized that. So Nellie kissed him and apologized for hitting him when he was down and his appetite miraculously returned. But Nellie was not deceived. She was just a very wise woman and moreover she loved him.

To Henry Pancoast's delight, nothing appeared in the public prints regarding The Wop's fast workout, so two days later he put the same boy up on the horse and again ordered him to breeze a mile in forty-four. The work was accomplished in exactly forty-four and four-fifths. Henry Pancoast

was waiting at the stable when the boy rode The Wop back to be washed off and cooled out.

"Well, son," he queried gently, "what happened?"

"Oh, he just turned sluggish again, Mr. Pancoast. He's the most sluggish, heavy-headed brute I've ever topped. But I've discovered something. I know how to make him run his best and I know how to make him loaf."



**"Ah, Neff, my boy, you'll soon have to quit pulling him. You're getting too close to the judges"**

"Fine," said Henry Pancoast, after the boy had explained in detail. "He's entered in a claiming race at a mile to-morrow and you ride him and prove what you say. He's going to have some fairly fast company, so he'll have to step it in thirty-nine or better."

"I think he'll win, but I wouldn't bet any real money on him. I think I know him but, after all, we've only been acquainted a short time, Mr. Pancoast. I'd hate to see you drop a wad backing him, you know."

"Well, keep your mouth shut, son, and some day when I drop him in a spot we'll win all the tea in China and I'll have a nice bet down for you." He ran expert hands down The Wop's legs. "An iron horse," he murmured. "Sound as a bell of brass. Maybe you've misunderstood, after all."



**JIMMY LATROBE** was a very shrewd young man who earned a very good salary doing a highly specialized job. He was general handy man and betting commissioner for Luke McBean, perhaps the heaviest plunger on the American turf. A few men have made a fortune picking winning horses and Mr. Luke McBean was the first of the type to be developed since the death of the celebrated Riley Grannan or the equally celebrated Pittsburgh Phil.

With Luke McBean the correct or approximately correct handicapping of horses was a gift. He had a most marvelous memory for men, horses and the details of a race; he knew pedigrees and he was a keen judge of horseflesh. He never played tips straight from the feedbox and the advice or enthusiasm of other men left him cold. He had a system from which he never deviated. For instance, in a seven-horse race he would draw a heavy blue pencil almost instantly through the names of four and eliminate them from consideration. Then, concentrating all of his amazing knowledge and intelligence on the remaining three, he would handicap them in the order of their excellence after a formula that he but dimly understood himself. He would then





estimate what a reasonable price on these horses should be as they went to the post; his figures once arrived at, he never changed them. He would wait, watching the totalizer or the bookmaker's figures, infallible indication of the public's choice. If any one of the three horses he figured to be in the money was (according to his estimate) a legitimate even-money bet, or slightly better, and the public neglected him and installed as a favorite any one of the four horses Mr. McBean had eliminated from consideration, the price of that neglected horse automatically lengthened as money poured in on the public's choice. When the price went to four to one or, as often happened, to ten or twelve to one, that price, to Luke McBean, constituted what is known in racing parlance as an overlay. So he played that horse heavily across the board. In a word, he took what the public left him and was satisfied, whether he won or lost, for he had discovered that in the end his system always proved infallible, for he never finished a meeting less than thirty thousand dollars' winner. He was a grand sport, winning and losing thousands without the quiver of an eyelash, and he was tremendously kindhearted and generous to a fault.

However injudicious and careless he might be in making loans to the various broken-down individuals who crossed his lifeline daily, Luke McBean was very prudent when risking his money on a horse race. He never wagered at the track, since his heavy bets would immediately depress the odds on the horse of his choice. His credit was A-1 with the largest and most reliable bookmakers in twenty cities throughout the United States and Canada; he always waited until the horses were about half way to the post. Immediately he would go to the secretary's office and telephone to Jimmy Latrobe, who waited with three other men each at a telephone in a house far removed from the race course. To Jimmy Latrobe he gave his orders and before the field was off Jimmy and his assistants would have placed the bet in three or four very distant cities, via the long-distance telephone, over private leased wires. Hence there would be

no time for a timorous bookmaker to play safe by sending part of the money back to the track to be bet in the machines there. Any "lay-off" money would have to be scattered among minor local hand-books.

In addition to this duty, Jimmy Latrobe performed others. He was at the track when the first horses appeared for their morning exercise and he clocked those that were "set down." Thus he kept his employer informed of horses that were improving, of those that were sore or doing badly; at eight-thirty he went to the secretary's office and got the scratches for that day, the weights and the names of the jockeys. All this information he then telephoned to Luke McBean, which was a very great aid, indeed, to that wizard in his calculations.

It was well known to every horse owner and official on every major track in the United States and Canada that the amiable Jimmy Latrobe was Luke McBean's confidential man. It was equally well known that the man was as honest and decent as his master and that there never had arisen the shadow of a suspicion that they had conspired to fix a race by suborning treachery in the jockeys.

On the morning of the day Henry (Continued on page 62)



"Jerusalem! The fool still pulls  
and it gets him nowhere!"



# The NAVY'S G in HIGH

by  
Frederick Palmer

THE gobs have it; the Navy has it. Now I know that we shall not have to fight Japan; that the Pacific maneuvers in May, the most extensive in our history, will serve the cause of peace.

You have only to mount a gangway or enter a navy yard to learn this. The Navy is not only cruising in old ships but building new ships, chins up and eyes bright in a busy expanding today with promise of a greater tomorrow.

Whatever cards the rest of us are drawing from the New Deal, the Navy is getting aces, kings, queens and jacks from a fresh pack instead of low cards from a thumbed and greasy pack in which some cards are missing.

This seems only fair if you think back a little. The Navy knew depression when the rest of us were enjoying booming prosperity. Depression for the Navy was signaled when the Washington Arms Conference wrote the 5-5-3 ratio.

Then, be it remembered, we scrapped great ships in order to keep down to the 5; we gave up the program which would have made ours the first navy in the world.

Why not if 5-5-3 gave us security? We were not out to arm for arming's sake or employ our wealth and numbers to overlord the seas. When everybody ought to have had enough of the World War never to want another war we would simply feel safe and have all the other nations feel safe.

This may have been proved unwise, but it was an attitude that ought to be recorded in our favor in the good book.

All might have been well if we had played the game as the others played it. They kept up to treaty strength; they built and we did not. We dealt ourselves a short hand, four cards instead of five. Thus we repudiated our own judgment as to the force which we needed for security.

Yet, at later arms conferences, we continued to insist on the five on paper. We might yet want to build up to strength. If we did, couldn't we any time we chose? It seemed easy when we had plenty of money. All we had to do was to draw a check for the five.

Our navy yards began to assume the aspect of deserted cities. We kept on cutting appropriations and personnel, putting ships out of commission or tying them up to piers with skeleton crews. Ships were getting out of date in the rapid progress which has left World War weapons obsolete. They could not put to sea, or, if they could, it would be against modern ships fully manned.

Yet when you counted our ships on paper it seemed that we had a large number—that relatively we had four or perhaps four-and-a-half. So we had, on the principle that a four-cylinder automobile, model 1925, is equal to an eight-cylinder, model 1935.

If Britain had dropped to four and Japan to two it would have

*"IS THE Navy up to treaty strength yet? No, decidedly no. Ten billions of dollars could not have brought it up by 1935. We were so far down that all the power we can put into construction will not bring us up in 1936. But all our yards from coast to coast are speeding in high. Those who thought that America would allow her Navy to go into decay are mistaken"*

been all right for us to have dropped to four. Or one for us and for Britain and three-fifths for Japan might do for security. Only the others did not drop.

Other nations knew our situation, and our Navy knew it, if our people were indifferent. The while we slipped down from five to four and then to three our Navy was in the cruel position of being expected to deliver on the basis of five.

With an old one-ton truck our sailor men were expected to show the speed and power of a late model three-ton truck; to maintain an eight-cylinder pace with four cylinders; to outshoot new models with old models.

He might fight it out to the death with inferior against superior power. When he was dead the laurels crowning him for heroism would do him little good and not do us much good except to hurt our conscience. We should have to begin building and training anew for a long war, unless we decided to say to our enemy:

"We're licked. Will you give us peace?" And that has an unpleasant and unaccustomed sound to American ears.

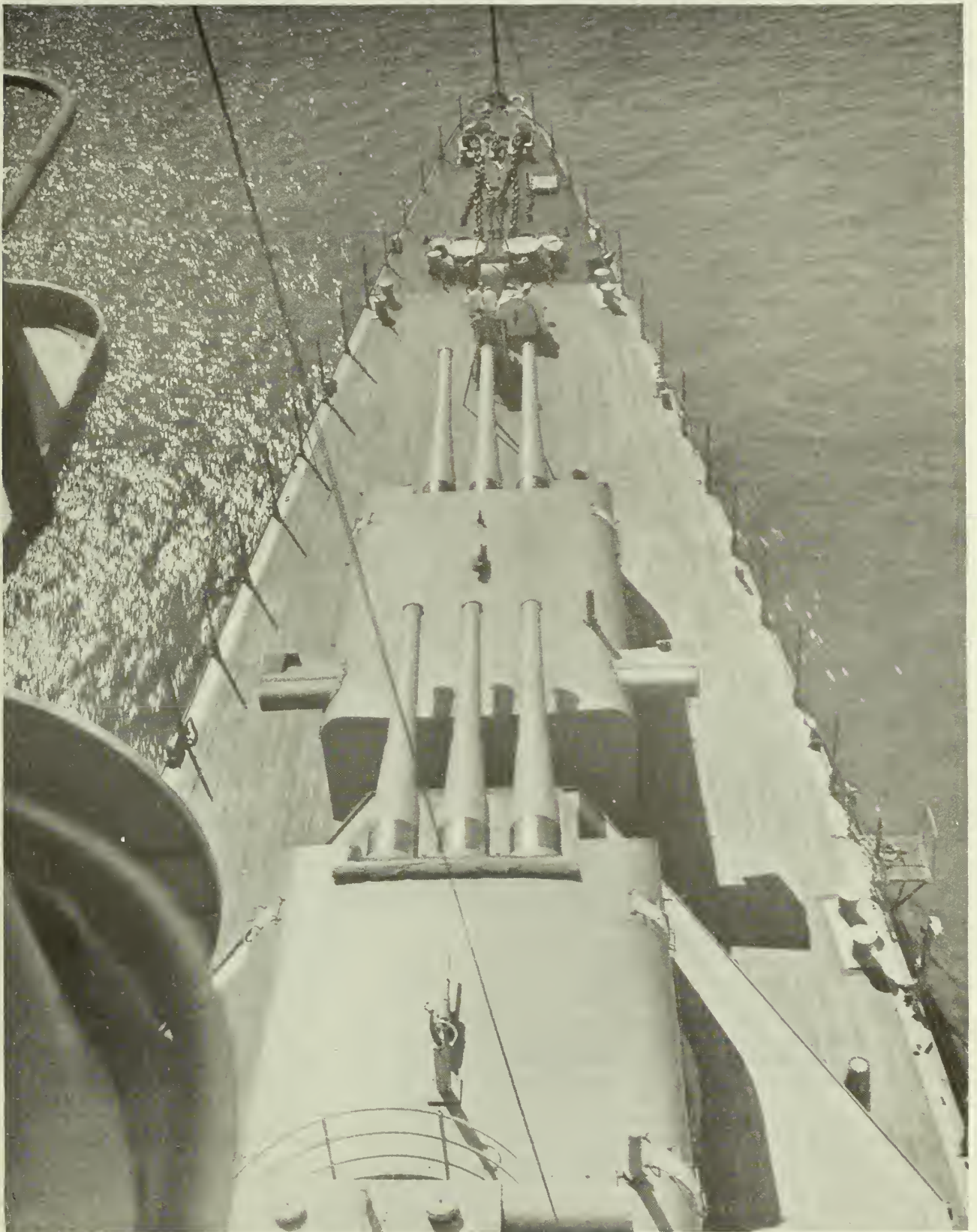
There was a lot of talk in the days of the Navy depression about how wonderful it was that the Navy kept up its spirit. Yes, yes, the Navy was the Navy. It would be on its toes, full of pep, no matter how shorthanded it was or how weak in guns or ships. This was the thing to say. The Navy kept on saying it, and saying it oftener and harder. Everybody who wrote about the Navy said it. But words propel no shells.

HOWEVER determinedly chins were thrust out in that period of gloom the situation was one to take the heart out of any sailor. The vital factor of morale was being unconsciously if not consciously affected. It was impossible that there did not seep into it the feeling implied by this:

"Oh, hell! I see they've given us another cut and laid up some more ships and they still count those rattle-bang destroyers as modern on the ratio list. But come on, we're the Navy. Nothing can faze the Navy!"

Then—just as everybody in the civil world who was not broke was preparing to go broke—the light broke. Congress decided in the spring of 1933 to give the President the money to make a big start toward building up to treaty strength. I wrote





The modern ship of war is a composite of power, sturdiness and speed, all of which are essential in meeting the menace of attack from above, from below or on the surface. This is the new cruiser Houston

an article for the Monthly about it at the time the decision came.

Is the Navy up to treaty strength yet? No, decidedly no. Ten billions of dollars could not have brought it up by 1935. We were so far down that all the power we can put into construction will not bring it up in 1936.

We had got out of the way of building. Draftsmen and shipworkers were scattered and rusty. Some would not come back

when called. One master mechanic said he could not really believe we were going to spend real money building ships—he would stick to the job he had at a filling station.

"Come around in two years," the Navy had told me, "and then we'll have something to show you."

So I came around two years afterward to get the sequence to the first article. It is a story of building (Continued on page 46)



# The CONSTITUTION AMONG FRIENDS

*By Herbert F. Goodrich*

*Dean, University of Pennsylvania Law School*

**E**ITHER the Constitution means what it says or it means nothing at all," declared my lawyer friend. He would have pounded the table when he said it, had he been a pounding kind of man. The subject under discussion was the decision which the Supreme Court had just announced upholding the constitutionality of our departure from the gold standard. The lawyer's remark drew a murmur of approbative agreement from several of those present. Why not? It presents an attractive point of view, forthright and sure, with none of the tiresome "more or less" business about it. It gives the same clear-cut and easily understood distinction that is brought out when the villain is a completely unmitigated scoundrel and the hero the possessor of every manly virtue. Whether lawyers or not, we all like to have a means of solving problems which makes the answer definite and certain to be right.

But it is only in fiction, and juvenile fiction at that, where villains are coal black and heroes snow white. The gamut of our experiences in real life does not acquaint us with pure righteousness or black abomination. Living human beings are varying shades of gray; some of us darker than others, but all gray nevertheless. Neither life nor the Constitution is as simple as Horatio Alger and my friend would make it.

The question which was being discussed by this group over coffee cups is both interesting and important. Interesting, because the way in which constitutional problems are settled in this country is solely an American invention; important because the operation of that method affects, more or less directly, the destiny of every one of us. I think my friend's "literal meaning" doctrine won't work either with regard to our Constitution or most things in life, and I think that with regard to the Constitution I can prove it. It is not difficult, even leaving out technical legal argument and mystifying phrases, to show that there are many instances both where the Constitution does not mean what it says and where it does not say what it means. Suppose we look at a few examples.

Some of the most peremptory language found in the Constitution is contained in the first ten Amendments, sometimes called the Bill of Rights. Number two states: "A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms, shall not be infringed." Suppose the enterprising leader of one of our criminal gangs organizes his followers like a military unit, arms them, and brings them out for drill and target practice. The bandits are certainly "people;" can it be that other people, through responsible governmental agencies, are powerless to do anything to protect themselves from bandits except to arm themselves, in turn? And if so, what becomes of that first and elementary function of government, the maintaining of public peace? Many States have strict laws about carrying and possessing firearms, and the advocates of such statutes believe them to be a highly valuable weapon in society's battle against crime. Are all of these laws an infringement of the constitutional right of the people to bear arms? It would be more reasonable, surely, remembering the fears of Jefferson and many

other good citizens of the newly formed federal Government, to say that this article of the Constitution was to debar the federal authority from enacting hostile legislation regarding the maintenance of militia by the States. No one would seriously contend, I think, that the late John Dillinger's possession of a rod was protected by the Constitution of the United States. But it takes more than a literal interpretation of the language which I have quoted to support that conclusion.

Take another instance. The first Amendment contains also some seemingly unequivocal language: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech . . . or of the press." An important right this, dearly won for us by English-speaking ancestors in a struggle which cost the lives and liberties of many; still well worth fighting for. But suppose we are engaged in a war and Congress passes a statute providing for a censorship with regard to the publication of all information which may be regarded as of military value to the enemy. Can a newspaper which violates the rules of the censorship and publishes such information claim the protection of constitutional guaranty when prosecuted for violation of the statute? Suppose that a group opposed to the war and also to our form of government calls a series of mass meetings at which speakers urge an immediate and violent seizure of all governmental property and officers. Must the movement be allowed to proceed unchecked, because of our constitutional free speech provision, until the point is reached

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**Our Basic Law Occasionally Does Not Mean What It Says, and Occasionally Does Not Say What It Means, But the Men Who Drafted It Had a Pretty Good Idea of What It Was All About, and the Result Was Something Worth Keeping**

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where words have stopped and deeds actually begun? Our freedom of speech is of little use if it protects the destruction of the very Government which guarantees us free speech. The questions which one can ask himself about the matter are puzzling and difficult. Fortunately, we haven't had to try to solve them all. There has been comparatively little attempt to regulate what people may say, and not a great deal of litigation involving such regulation. The last war brought regulatory statutes and prosecutions followed in their wake. A discussion of the court decisions is out of place here. Several cases went to the Supreme Court. The decisions from that body were too severe to please some, too easy to please others. In general it may be said that the effect of the decisions is about as follows: While we do have a constitu-





Cartoon by  
John Cassel

tional guaranty for free speech and a free press, war does make a difference, and the constitutional provision is not to be interpreted to hamper unduly the governmental efforts to win a war. But all this, be it noted, is beyond the literal interpretation of words in the Constitution.

One more instance. In Article I, Section 10, of the Constitution it is stated: "No State shall . . . pass any . . . law impairing the obligation of contracts . . ." Suppose a buyer has made a contract with a liquor dealer to receive from the dealer a case of whiskey every two weeks over a period of two years, at a fixed price. Then the State votes dry, and sale and delivery of liquor is forbidden. Can buyer and seller in this contract insist that the people of the State must leave the performance of the contract untouched, because of the Constitutional provision just quoted? Suppose the subject matter of the contract was something that was shown to be a menace to public health—diseased meat for instance. Could a man who wished to sell the stuff how and where he pleased, regardless of public health, insure himself the privilege to do so, by making a contract before the State has acted to regulate the matter? Good sense would certainly indicate a negative answer. And before one insists that the Constitution re-

quires a result which isn't good sense, the steps leading to that conclusion had better be looked at closely.

I have put three instances where the words used in language in the Constitution can't be taken to mean just what they literally say. There are other examples, plenty of them, although in some of them language which seems clear enough has been applied by our courts with qualifications. I have tried here to put instances where the necessity of some other than a literal interpretation had to be made as a matter of common sense.

So much for situations where the Constitution does not mean what it says. Now for one or two where it does not say what it means. In Amendment V it is provided that "No person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law . . ." Similar language is used in the Fourteenth Amendment where the prohibition is directed against such action by any of the States. "Due process of law" is an ancient phrase in the law; similar phrasing may be found in the Magna Carta which English barons forced from their unwilling King John. But it does not take a Philadelphia lawyer to show that it is not a term which explains itself. It may well have to do with process of courts as contrasted with arbitrary action by (Continued on page 42)



**HERE** The American Legion Was Born. Here, September 23-26, It Will Hold Its Seventeenth National Convention

# SPIRIT of

by  
Mayor Bernhard  
F. Dickmann

LET me say, first, that St. Louis is thrilled at the prospect of entertaining you Legionnaires in national convention next September.

We feel that St. Louis is an hospitable city. Of course, I suppose every American thinks that way about his native heath. But remember that we are closely tied to the traditions of the Old South. In our blood are reminiscences of many a festive and gala day in the three hundred years of our history: Fur traders in from the great woods for a fling; swaggering steamboat men swarming the levee; Forty-niners outfitting for the exciting dash to California.

We entertained Spanish grandes in the last days of the eighteenth century when the infant American Republic was still clinging to the eastern seaboard; we welcomed the General Lafayette when he graciously called on us in 1825. Every national organization has convened here at some time; we were the proud hosts in May of 1919, when the new American Legion met in memorable caucus within our boundaries.

So we feel that we are versed in hospitality, we are glad to have you, we feel sure you will enjoy your visit with us.

Most alert Americans take a real interest in any place they contemplate visiting, particularly if it has a romantic and historic background. Old St. Louis will be a delight to you then, we feel sure. It is no accident that movie producers have recently capitalized on the rich picturesque background of St. Louis, and have presented a score of dramas based on its colorful locale. Its history is a vivid unrolling pageant of the gripping national scene.

St. Louis lies close to the broad bosom of the Father of Waters—"Old Man River." Nearly four hundred years ago, back in 1541, white men under the explorer DeSoto found their way up this watery highway, and first set foot on Missouri soil. The name derives from a local tribe of Indians. A year later one Louis Moscoso, successor to DeSoto, explored the southwest part of Missouri, the now renowned Ozark country.

An uneventful century, uneventful at least in the American middle west, elapsed before Pere Marquette and the youthful Joliet pushed southward over the bosom of the Mississippi. They discovered its tributary, the Missouri River, with its source far away in undreamt-of Montana. It was not until the year 1700 that the Jesuit Fathers, whose history is so closely interwoven with the history of the great West, set up a precarious mission at the mouth of the River Des Peres within the boundaries of present St. Louis.

In 1769, the neighboring town of St. Charles, then called Little Hills, was established. This brings us to a point that we would impress on you. We St. Louisans are not parochially insistent on the glories, past or present, of our own bailiwick. When you

come to see us, we want you at the same time to see all our truly beautiful State: St. Charles, once the capital; Ste. Genevieve, oldest settlement west of the Mississippi, a community that will remind you of a sedate and sedentary village in old France; our present capital, Jefferson City, with its beautiful capitol building that contains an outstanding World War mural; Mark Twain's Hannibal; the Meramec valley; the Ozarks, particularly breathtaking in their beauty when the finger of autumn touches the forested hills.

In 1762, European politics, always devious, began to shape the destinies of the land of the Missouri Indians. By a secret treaty King Louis Fifteenth of France ceded the territory called Louisiana to Spain. The two countries, France and Spain, then joined in ceding to Great Britain all the territory lying east of the Mississippi.

But meantime, unaware of this act of diplomacy, an expedition started from New Orleans under the command of Pierre LaCade Liguist, a French adventurer and fur trader. Three months this expedition spent ascending the river. In the late autumn of 1763 LaCade with his lieutenant Auguste Chouteau, aged 14, located a terrain that appealed to them, a commanding hill some two hundred yards west of the swelling bosom of the Father of Waters, and only a few miles south of the conflux with the Missouri.



In the 1380 acres that make Forest Park the largest public park west of the Alleghanies are beautiful vistas and woodland delights, with opportunities for canoeing and boating of a less hazardous and more secluded nature than Old Man River affords



# ST. LOUIS



The skyline of the Legion's next convention city glimpsed over the barges tied up at East St. Louis (that's Illinois, you'll remember.) Below, the municipal auditorium and community center, recently completed, in which the convention sessions will be held

Groves of trees ran down to the water's edge. Several creeks meandered over the landscape. It was the ideal spot for the Mother City of the West.

For the next two score years the village of St. Louis, named by the founder, Laclède, after King Louis IX of France, grew slowly in the wilderness. The French still dominated, although the territory had been ceded to Spain. A monopoly in the fur trade was established by Laclède's men with twenty-eight Indian nations (a fur trade, incidentally, that continues to loom large in St. Louis industry to this day.)

In 1770, the great Indian chief, Pontiac, visited St. Louis, and was murdered on the eastern side of the river by British supporters among the Illinois Indians. This same year the Spanish took active control of the territory and Don Pedro Piernas succeeded St. Ange De Bellerive as commandant.

Affairs, however, went on much the same. The Spanish captain lived at the home of Laclède. He made few new laws. St.



Louis was under Spanish rule for twenty years but during that period remained French in language, customs and ideas. It was during this time, in 1780, that a well-planned Indian attack killed twenty citizens and endangered the settlement.

With the turn of the nineteenth century, a new epoch arrived for St. Louis and the great plains west of it. In 1800 Spain ceded the Louisiana Territory back to France. The transfer was delayed, however, until 1803. Napoleon needed money for his wars. President Jefferson

of the United States wanted to acquire New Orleans because of its strategic position as a seaport. But Napoleon drove a shrewd bargain, and made Jefferson take all of the Louisiana Territory along with New Orleans. The total price including interest and financing charges was \$22,000,000—about five cents an acre. The territory embraced the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, the Dakotas, Montana, most of Minnesota, (Continued on page 44)



# AWAY *from* PAIN

*By Willard Cooper*

"PAIN it with iodine and mark him duty!" Crool words, and probably never spoken of a wounded soldier. But the idea persists. The words go barging down through the corridors of veteran memory. They are a tradition, like "You can't stand there, soldier!" And back of them is something more than somebody's malevolent antipathy for the medicos. Back of them is the stark fact that war is a damned painful institution. The last war, one of the most uncomfortable of record, was like all the rest; it was especially painful for the wounded soldier.

One reason why the wounded suffered so much was that medical science had not, by 1918, caught up with the possibilities of anaesthesia, which eliminates all consciousness, or of analgesia, which eliminates pain. And while I am sure that the next war (God forbid!) likewise is going to be a damned painful institution, hard on everybody but particularly hard on the wounded, I am here to predict that the plight of the wounded will be immeasurably better than ever before. It isn't going to be a pretty plight. It isn't going to be a happy way out of the mud and the cold, out of K. P. and endless marches, nor always out of possible death. Being wounded will continue to be a misery. But it's going to be better than it was in the World War and far better than it was before that, and thousands of times better than it was before the Civil War.

Most of the improvement, I believe, will result from improved anaesthesia. I've been investigating, and for a layman, I've recently had exceptional opportunities to learn of the strides which anaesthesia has made in the last sixteen years. These strides, it seems to me, have been longer than any anaesthesia had taken at any previous time since 1846—setting that date as the occasion when Dr. William T. G. Morton first publicly administered ether for an operation.

This date, however, does not mean that Dr. Morton was the first man ever to anaesthetize anybody. Anaesthesia goes back beyond history itself. The year 1846 merely was a milestone, marking an advance greater than all the advances of previous history. The last sixteen years, I think, mark another tremendous advance—greater than all other advances since Dr. Morton.

Primitive anaesthesia is mentioned even by Homer. Aside from being the knock-'em-dead champion of her sex, Helen of Troy knew a "drug to lull all pain." About the same time the Egyptians probably were taking hashish for the same purpose. So, very likely, were the Chinese, who haven't entirely given up the habit yet. Herodotus tells how the Scythians would anaesthetize themselves by inhaling the fumes of a kind of hemp. Doubtless they were taking hashish too, the dopes.

Galen used mandragora to stifle sensation and paralyze motion, and that maybe eighteen centuries ago. It also is well established that not every Christian martyr of Galen's day was required to suffer without palliation the terrible pains of crucifixion; merciful executioners often gave them mandragora.

Even during the Dark Ages, after many other classic sciences had been lost, operations occasionally were performed while patients were unconscious from the inhalation of powerful drugs. Now and then a surgeon even learned how to anaesthetize a patient by pressing on his carotid arteries, shutting off the flow of blood to the head until a sort of cerebral anemia brought blissful unconsciousness. But such treatments were for generals. The idea of alleviating the pain of an humble archer was unthinkable. Up to about a century ago, the benefits of such

anaesthesia as may have been known were confined to dukes and field marshals and countesses and kings and people like that, and for the purposes of this article, anaesthesia didn't count.

On March 20, 1842, Dr. Crawford W. Long of Georgia gave ether and carved into a patient with entire success. But that hardly counts, either. Dr. Long neglected to tell the world of his discovery. The medical world has a sort of unwritten law that credit for a discovery must go to the first person to give its blessings to the world. Consequently, give credit for modern anaesthesia to Dr. Morton, who was a dentist.

October 16, 1846, he administered ether to a patient at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. Before many witnesses, the operation was performed without the least pain to the patient.

Dr. Morton's demonstration was a new hope to the world. It took attention away from the comparative failure of experiments by another dentist, Dr. Wells of Hartford, with nitrous oxid, which perhaps is just as well, since laughing gas is an inadequate anaesthetic for many operations. It doesn't even suffice to quiet everybody for an ordinary tooth-pulling. Besides, some of us don't laugh under it; we fight. And it's difficult to take the appendix out of somebody who's trying to knock your block off.

But from the time of Dr. Morton's demonstration until less than fifteen years ago, anaesthesia advanced comparatively little. Improvements were made in the machinery of administration, and in the preparation of patients for administration, but in few other respects.

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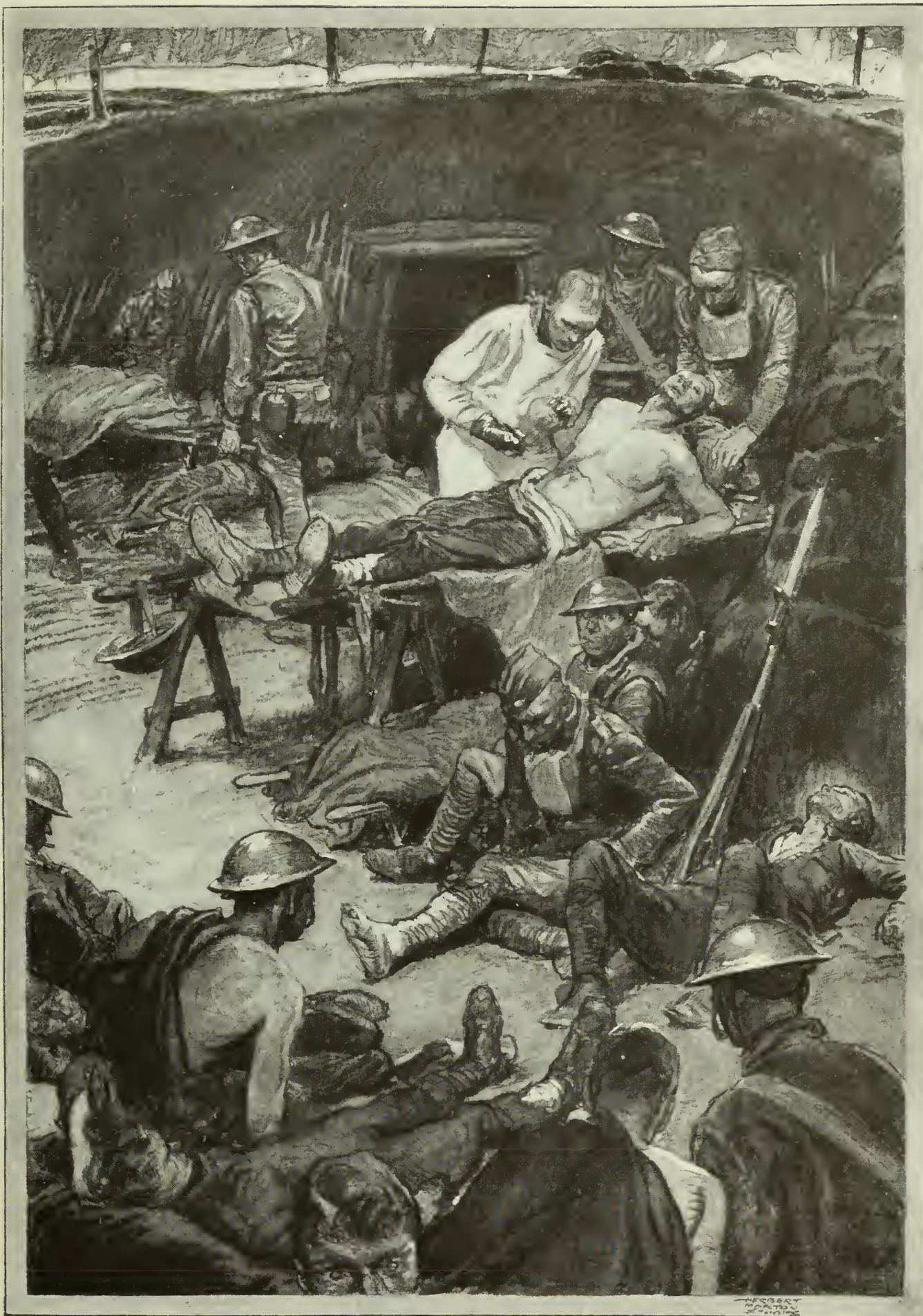
**H**UMAN suffering is on the decline.  
New agencies to alleviate pain are being developed in the never ceasing battle waged by scientists in behalf of all of us. Even the out-of-luck doughboy of the next war to end war may get a few breaks

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In other phases, medicine and surgery advanced tremendously between 1846 and the World War. They had stalked with seven league boots across the miasmatic swamps where lurked typhoid, yellow fever, diphtheria, smallpox. They had advanced across whole continents of knowledge of disease and its causes, of the methods and dangers of bacteria, of what can be done with the knife. But anaesthesia was hardly more a blessing to the wounded man of the World War than it was to the wounded man of the Civil War.

There remained, in the first place, the fact that it is virtually impossible to anaesthetize a man on the spot where he suffers his wound. Unless he could walk, he sometimes had to wait for hours. And the man who is too badly hurt to walk generally is the man to whom immediate anaesthesia would be most merciful. Dressings often had to be applied in the field, sometimes in the open, sometimes under fire. Front-line dressing stations were too crowded in battle, too busy to permit anaesthesia. That was one reason for the legend of painting them (Continued on page 50)





DRESSING STATION: *An impression by Herbert Morton Stoops*



# Come and Get It —



Vermont and maple sugar go together, like slum and gravy or sulphur and molasses. Spring-like days and cold nights are the combination needed to make the sap run. Collecting it in buckets is the first step in a noble American industry

**T**HE Aldrich sugar bush is a grove of 2,000 maple trees in the hills of northern Vermont. The Canadian boundary line is only a few miles away. At this season, early in April, the snow in the grove is everywhere nearly a foot deep; in the drifts it is waist deep. You must flounder through it to the heart of the bush to reach the sugar house. But the long train ride and the stiff hike over the hills and through the woods are well rewarded by what you find here. For the sugar bush hasn't been streamlined yet, or wrapped in cellophane and baby ribbons.

A slow railway journey by night, northward up the length of Vermont, is a preliminary, the air growing nipper at each change of trains in the middle of the night, the frost thicker under hobnails crunching the planks of station platforms. Several times in the night you waken with a start; what you take for the roar of a passing southbound train is melted snow water thundering over mill dams. Dawn finds the train rumbling along in mountain country. In the steep-sided valleys below are little frame farmhouses, all plain and squarish, each with a curl of smoke from its chimney—just like the pictures a schoolboy draws on his slate.

One more change of trains to a branch line at Newport, Vermont, beside a lake which looks like Loch Lomond; there is the same kind of bristling mountain background, and even a "Scotch mist" overhanging it to heighten the illusion. Then, around breakfast time, ravenously hungry and shivering with forebodings of facing Arctic weather, you step down from an overheated day coach onto the station platform at Derby Line. Adjoining—

or maybe a better word is intermingling—is the town of Rock Island, Quebec

Here is an international-minded community if ever there was one. Here is a "natural" too, for Mr. Ripley, who pounced upon it with delight:

"The Rock Island, Quebec, opera house has the stage in Canada while the audience sits in the U. S. A.," the Believe-It-or-Not Man records. "The international boundary line runs directly through this building."

A few words of advice to travelers are apropos here, and the first is don't get into Canada bearing contraband, and not knowing you've crossed the boundary line. A camera, for example, raises international complications. I recall vividly the case of a correspondent for the Monthly who rode from the Derby Line station to town in the mail man's flivver, squared himself away in the hotel dining room for a New England breakfast of flapjacks with real maple syrup—and then blanched to read at the head of the bill of fare:

## THE HOTEL DEL MONTE ROCK ISLAND, QUEBEC

Providence was kind that morning because the customs men he encountered were blessed with a wholesome sense of humor. But another time he might have been S. O. L. with that camera.

Another tip to travelers concerns dress. A lumberjack's short



# SUGAR *on* SNOW!

*by*  
**Charles Phelps  
Cushing**

*Photographs by  
the Author*

coat, an old Navy peajacket or a golfer's windbreaker rather than a city man's long-tailed overcoat is de rigueur for hiking over the hills and wading through snow drifts. For the same reason high-laced boots or overshoes are almost a necessity. The highway maintenance crews have scraped the cement slab clean and dry, and have piled up big cubes of snow ten or twelve feet high along the roadside. From many patches on the hillsides, too, the snow has melted away. So as you strike cross-country the footing changes constantly. There is light snow, deep snow, mud, marshy spots and a few brooks to cross.

The last lap is the toughest going of all. Around the far edges of the sugar bush the snow is deepest; here it has not been trampled by men or horses, and here the drifts are most frequent. The final eighth of a mile into the heart of the Aldrich grove takes as long as a mile or more across the open stretches.

By this time a few mistaken notions about the country and the business at hand begin to evaporate. Forebodings about being chilly throughout your stay in Vermont have suddenly vanished. Breakfast under the belt and one stiff hillslope climbed accomplish that. By now you have learned, too, that the sugar season isn't opened until there comes along just the right spring-time weather combination of temperatures—with sunshine warm



**For local consumption only. The boiled-down syrup is poured onto clean white snow in pails. The result is a hard candy that puts to shame any commercial all-day sucker**

enough in the daytime to send the thermometer above freezing point, and nights cold enough to drive it down again below thirty-two degrees. Capillary attraction and osmosis or whatever-you-then-takes place and makes the sap flow gaily. Light snows called "sugar snows" also are helpful.

Another erroneous idea was this correspondent's notion that he had been assigned, as a reporter, to describe an industrial process. An industry-on-the-farm phase assuredly is involved. Vermont leads the Union in production of maple syrup and maple sugar. When the census man added up his tables in 1930 Vermont farmers were tapping 5,778,000 trees for 1,398,000 gallons of syrup and 1,239,000 pounds of sugar. The slump made such sweet prosperity dwindle, of course. But in round numbers the present season still should show a million gallons of syrup produced in the State, and a proportionate ration of sugar cakes.

Despite all this, the industrial phase is not really the most impressive side. For the sugaring sea-



**Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys probably used oxen instead of horses, but otherwise the method of transportation is about the same today as it was in 1775**





A pailful of sap goes into the tank. There's a running board on each side of the sleigh so that the collector can ride if he wants to

son in Vermont is also a festival of springtime; it is truly something to celebrate; folks get jubilant about it just as down in Washington, D. C., they get excited at the sight of a cloud of pink blooms bursting on the Japanese cherry trees around the Tidal Basin.

Even the first glimpse of the sugar bush does things to a city fellow in a most unexpected way. A modern's pride in being a modern gets a swift solar plexus jolt. As has been remarked, there is as yet no streamlined train in service up to Derby Line, Vermont. Nor is there an air field at Aldrich's front door. A Dymaxion car might zip you down the dry highway slab for a mile or so south of the village. But you might as well park it there and then forget all about it for all the good it will do you after that in bucking the mud and snowdrifts of a country lane to reach a remote sugar bush. We who go zipping around in our streamlined age, who always work under pressure and likewise eat and play and try to think under pressure, find that something curious has happened to us as we flounder slowly through the last snowdrifts to the sugar house. For despite the pride we take in our modernity, now and then we experience a strong reaction; a feeling something like homesickness comes over us, a passionate yearning after a life which is more old-fashioned and simple. Shrewd movie producers take the cue and show us stories of the days before gasoline transformed our civilization. Designers of women's fashions take the same cue and revert to patterns out of Godey's Lady's Book, the styles our mothers used to wear. Cubist furniture and crystal grapes aren't nearly so popular as they used to be, but Grandma's maple heirlooms are prized more than ever. A good set of Grandpa's old colored prints of human interest subjects would buy a lot of television receivers. And every once in a while we get to wondering, too, whether Grandpa wasn't right when he used to mutter:

"Folks were happier then."

There right ahead of us is the sugar bush and Aldrich's sugar house—it's a scene so like an old Currier and Ives print that the mere sight of it produces a thrill.

There are no motor cars parked around the place, no electric lights, no telephones, no modern frills whatever. The sugar house

is a shed of rude unfinished and unpainted boards. The steam from inside is issuing as cheerfully as from a kettle on the hearth. It's a sight to recall the refrain of an old Ozark ballad:

"Little ole log cabin in the lane,  
The chinks let in the sunshine and the rain."

Big shaggy-legged horses pull sleighs around trails through the bush, hauling tanks in which to collect the sap. Into each tree is driven a plug through which the sap drips into a pail. Colonel Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, if they came stomping over the hills from Jay Peak or Owl's Head for a visit, still should feel pretty much at home in this grove. Patent metal plugs instead of wooden spigots are driven into the tree trunks, patent metal pails with neat lids are hanging beneath instead of the old oaken sap buckets . . . But the Colonel and the Boys would get the idea right away and nod approvingly.

Inside the sugar house, instead of an old iron kettle over an open fire, there's now a "rig" of evaporating pans to quicken the boiling-down process. Through a sort of pigs-in-clover puzzle the liquid runs around and around, getting thicker and heavier as it courses its way down. This is a rather expensive outfit, costing as much as a 1935 model flivver. But the Green Mountaineers wouldn't be flabbergasted very long by the sight of it. Soon enough, Colonel Allen would peel off his coat, hang his tricorn hat on a peg



A modern touch—hydrometer is used to determine whether the syrup has had enough boiling

and begin stoking the wood fire under the pans. And presently, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, he would knock off for a spell and call for a dipper of syrup to drink or a helping of sugar on snow.

Now that we're inside and peering around through the clouds of steam, let's meet the boys. Father Aldrich first, a mellow Yan-



lee philosopher, who's been sugaring now for fifty-five years; one of the boys, just the same, one of the liveliest, and one of the most likeable. His eyes twinkle under the brim of an old slouch hat as he helps his guests to sugar, then takes some himself and remarks dryly:

"I don't know why I'm eating this," and eats it with unmistakable gusto.

He wonders just how much sugar he has put away in his lifetime. That's a job for a higher mathematician, he reckons, maybe for that fellow Einstein.

Father Aldrich is the laboratory man, chief cook and head tester of the plant and chairman of the board. His son Ira is general manager and executive. The sap being boiled down into syrup and sugar is tested first by the simplest and oldest method, the dipper test—pouring it slowly in a small stream over the edge of a dipper; when it "breaks" like molten molasses candy it is



Instead of the old iron kettle over a camp fire, there's now a rig of evaporating pans to speed the boiling-down process. The youngster's overalls mean something—he's on the job. Right: Tins of syrup and boxes of maple sugar going to market, which may be Bokhara or Bangkok, but more likely somewhere in the eastern United States

about ready. Then for a more accurate test of its specific gravity Father Aldrich goes to the window with a hydrometer.

The specific gravity above mentioned is the only kind of gravity around the place. Everybody is busy, everybody happy, stoking the fire, stirring the liquid, testing, then draining off the syrup into tins or drums. The heaviest stuff is poured off into little molds; this hardens into one-pound



Piping the sap into the sugar house, from the tank on runners to a larger tank back of the shed where it's boiled down

cakes of sugar. The evaporating process goes on for quite a while. The average tree around these parts produces eight gallons of sap, but that liquid quantity is boiled down until it is only a quart of syrup or two pounds of sugar.

Father Aldrich, apropos of this, is chuckling about a lady who moved up to Derby Line from Boston. She was plumb disgusted with the maples on her place. She gathered a lot of syrup from them, she reported to neighbors, but it was all awfully weak and watery.

Most of the sap collectors from the woods have gathered inside the sugar house now, taking a breathing spell where it's steamy warm, and looking around expectantly. A college lad with a rainbow-hued Mackinaw has come in, and two other lads from town.

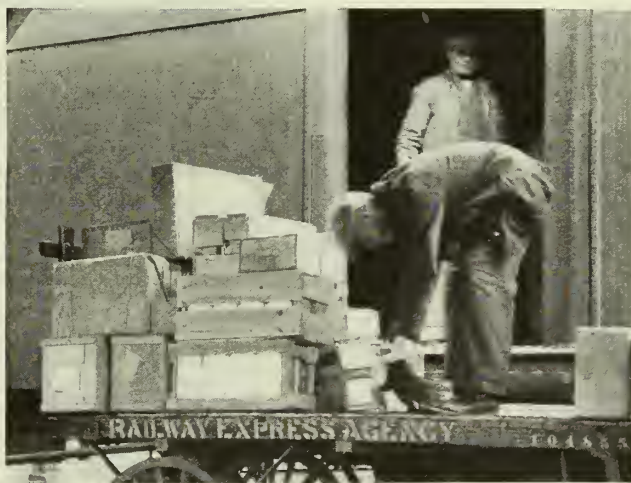
"Sugar on snow, boys! Come and get it!" Father Aldrich shouts.

They come, without much urging.

Into pails of clean white snow the master of ceremonies pours the heaviest of the boiled-down liquid. Everyone by this time has one of the small wooden paddles Father Aldrich has whittled. One end of the paddle twists around a wad of hardening sugar. You eat this confection like a lollipop—or, if you're from way

out West and don't know what a lollipop is, "an all-day sucker."

We had walked in on the joyous Vermont State festival known as "sugaring off." This, of course, was (Continued on page 42)





# MEMORIES of M.I.D.

by  
*Rupert Hughes*

## *Conclusion*

IT WAS an odd thing that I of all people should be acting as a censor. I have always abominated both censorship and censors. That was perhaps the chief reason for giving me the job. It was understood that nobody would be more reluctant to perform it.

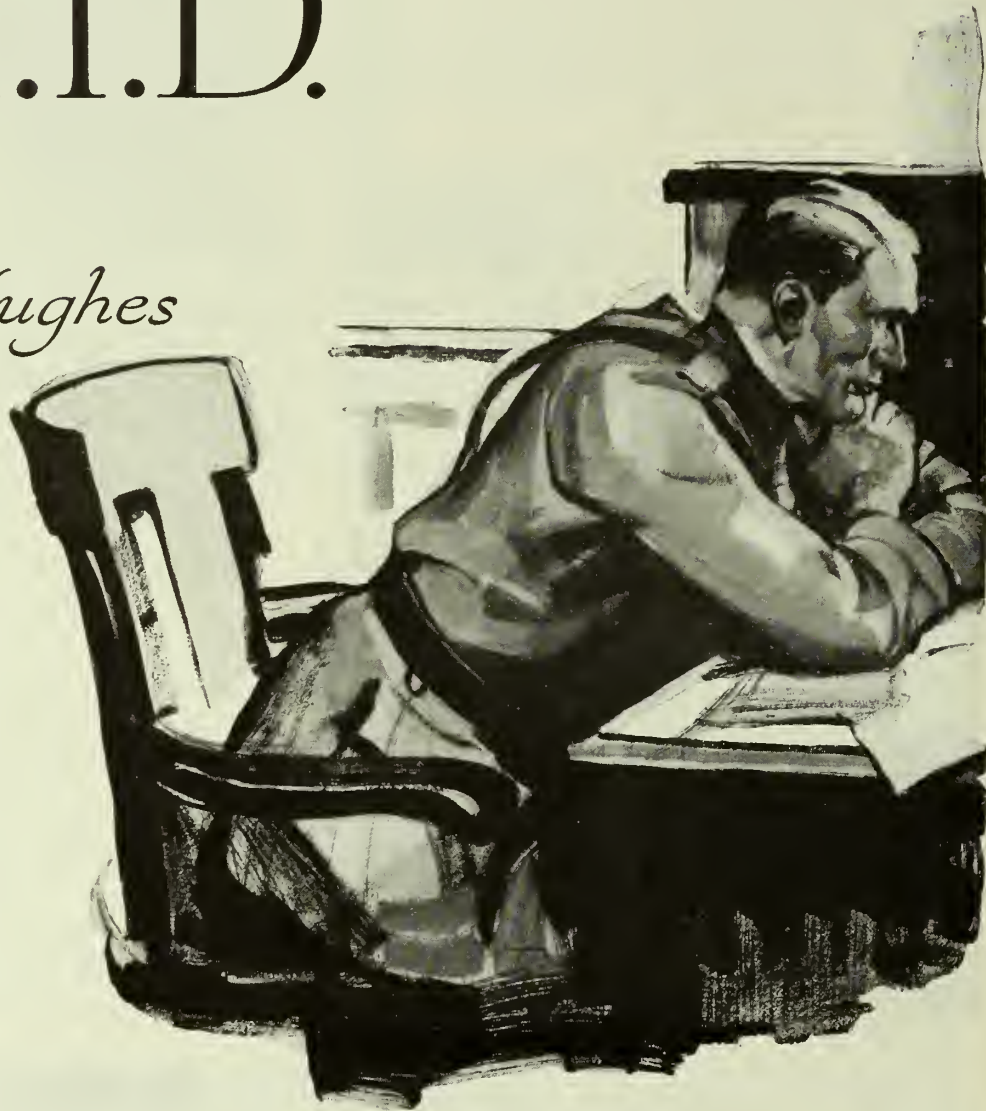
My sole standard of judgment was war efficiency. Anything that would weaken our military solidarity at home or abroad was to be suppressed as far as possible.

There was to be no other interference with freedom of thought or expression. To the pacifist, the conscientious objector and the denouncer of our motives or our purposes I was as strict as necessary.

It seemed to me perfectly legitimate to forbid the circulation of books or periodicals declaring that we had no right to fight our dear brothers, the Germans, or that we were fighting simply to preserve somebody's investments. I am a sincere believer in the brotherhood of man as an ideal but for the time being it seemed to me that our immediate brotherhood was not with the Kaiser's mighty divisions.

The man who opposed the war so sincerely that he would wreck munitions plants or blow up a ship carrying troops or supplies was no more an enemy than the man who stood in a pulpit or preached in type that our soldiers were hiring murderers. It might be true as has so often been said that our armies were simply working for J. P. Morgan, but I did not and do not believe it, and in any case it was not the time to say it.

Aside from suppressing utterances of such spirit, I tried to suppress the lust to suppress for suppression's sake. We did all that we could to prevent throwing into the tent of a soldier books that told him how sacrilegious it was to fight our kinsmen in Christ, the Germans. It seemed to me that such books should rather have been distributed among the Germans. They began it—or so it seemed to us at the time.



Yet we always tried gentle measures first. There was one publisher who had a book attacking all wars and particularly the World War. He had a hundred thousand copies printed and proposed to distribute them in spite of us.

Instead of seizing him and his stock I sent Captain Spencer to reason with him and explain that all he could accomplish was to put into some poor soldier's head ideas of disobedience, mutiny and desertion that would get him into serious trouble with his captain.

Captain Spencer argued so well that the publisher grew intensely enthusiastic over the war. He declared that it was the most glorious war ever waged, the war to end war; and that it was the duty of every decent American to fight his utmost to crush the German tyranny and ambition, so that the world could have peace henceforth. He threw away the sixteen pages we objected to and printed a hundred thousand new signatures to replace them. Now his book was ardent propaganda for the cause, and he was our friend instead of a victim of a temporary suspension of constitutional rights.



Illustration  
by  
Frank Street



**The photograph on the postal card was that of a child whose hands had apparently been cut off. It was a pure fake—a simple job of painting out the hands of the youngster and rephotographing the picture**

When we saw an editorial or an article or a tendency to oppose the cause an officer wrote a polite letter or paid a call and made a kindly talk explaining our aims. Without exception we received co-operation. One editor wrote me a ferocious letter of insult for my interference with the freedom of the press. I answered him with all possible gentleness and he wrote a letter of gratitude promising to change his tone.

The booksellers wanted to do their part and abstain from displaying on their counters any works that might hamper the conduct of the war. They drew up a weekly list of suspected works and submitted it to our section. If any book seemed to us hostile to the cause we said so and the book disappeared from the shops. Some of the booksellers were so eager to show their spirit that

they made a weekly bonfire of these undesirable books. We never advised any such thing, of course.

It has always horrified me to read of the burning of books, as of men and women. All I wanted to see was the postponement till after the war of publications that might cripple our efficiency. Imagine my emotions then when the newspapers came out in big headlines:

#### HUGHES BURNS BOOK BY SEC. BAKER'S FRIEND

What really happened was this. Before the war as is well known, Secretary Baker had been as ardent a pacifist as he has since been an ardent believer in military action when justified. Among his colleagues in his early opposition to all war was a charming gentleman and scholar who saw fit to publish a book in the last months of the conflict very earnestly and loftily arguing that the Germans were as innocent of evil ambitions as any of the Allies, that they had been jockeyed or forced into the war, that they had treated us as well as, or better than, the Allies had done, that we ought never to have gone into the war at all, and that our poor soldiers were butchering and being butchered simply to protect the investments of Morgan and other bankers.

There has been a great deal of such argument since the war and it has been proved to the entire satisfaction of certain heavy thinkers that the Kaiser was the victim of foul conspiracy, and acted entirely in self-defense in trampling the wicked Belgians underfoot in order to get at the evil French by a side door. I have never quite believed that in a tense situation the man who suddenly hauls off and slugs a bystander below the belt is entirely blameless, but I heartily believe in the (Continued on page 52)



# MAJOR LEAGUER

*By Rud Rennie*

*BE IT politics or baseball, it's a rough road. In fact the baseball road is a little bit rougher. There are 435 Representatives in Congress, but big-time ball has room for only 368 players*

A COP on the avenue held up his hand. Traffic skidded to an unexpected stop.

"Hi, Diz."

A tall young man in a long brown overcoat and a slouch hat replied briefly and stepped carefully across Eighth Avenue at Thirty-second Street, New York. It was cold. There had been snow and the streets were slippery.

Pedestrians turned their heads and paused.

"That's Dizzy Dean."

"Yeah?"

It was February. The baseball season was two months away. But traffic stopped and people turned to see a major league baseball player from St. Louis cross a street in New York.

Dean, a country boy, is famous as a player and as a character. Not all major league players attract so much attention. But they have a certain importance. They are public figures with glamorous backgrounds.

Between May 15th and September 1st (which is virtually a full baseball season) there are only 368 active major-league baseball players. It means something to be one of them.

Thousands of young men earn their living by playing baseball in the United States and Canada. They have one ambition—to be on a major league team. That is the goal, the high place shining with gold and glory.

There are only seven players of recognized ability, and still active, who started their professional careers in the big leagues and stayed there with never a day in the minor leagues. These exceptional fellows are Frank Frisch, manager and second baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals; Melvin Ott, right fielder for the New York Giants; Luke Sewell, a catcher now with the Chicago White Sox; Ted Lyons, a pitcher with the Chicago White Sox;



**On the way up. Sometimes the Legion's Junior Baseball program forms the connecting link between the sand-lot and the big league**

Dan MacFayden, a pitcher with the Cincinnati Reds; Tom Zachary, a pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Ethan Allen, an outfielder with the Phillies. There have been others—most of them ex-college pitchers who didn't stick—but there are only seven at present.

MacFayden was discovered on Boston Common. Ott was a high-school player. The others came from colleges or universities—Fordham, Alabama, Baylor, Guilford.

All the other players now active and recognized as major leaguers have served time in the minor leagues. The average rookie needs about three years of minor-league experience before he is ready to perform in big-league company. Even then he has a lot to learn.

Baseball in its highest form is not an easy game. Sitting on a weather-beaten bench in Augusta in the twilight of his career, the immortal Ty Cobb confided that it was too bad that just when he had found out how things should be done his legs should go back on him and prevent him from doing them. He had been in the major leagues for twenty-three years.

Breaking into big-league baseball takes time and ability. Staying in the major leagues is as hard as breaking into them.

Of the 368 players active on the sixteen major league teams from May 15th to September 1st, perhaps half are sure of their jobs. They are the ones who have what it takes to stay up there—youth, ability and temperament.

The other half is composed of slipping heroes and struggling recruits. The former are on their way out, the latter are on their way up.

According to the late Miller Huggins, former manager of the



New York Yankees and one of the most astute baseball men in the history of the game, "a good team stands up for about three years."

He sat on the edge of a bed in a small room in the King George Hotel in Toronto, Canada. It was in the winter of 1928 at the minor league meetings. The Yankees had won three pennants in succession and two world championships. The Yankees looked unbeatable for years to come.

Huggins shook his tousled head. It was quite evident he did not agree.

"The team as it was in 1927," he said, "was the best team I ever had. In another year it will begin to crumble. The machine as it stands will fall apart. It is inevitable.

"To win, a manager must have good players. In time they deteriorate. The trick is to be able to replace good players with players just as good. It is therefore necessary to acquire men who, four years from the time you get them, can be added to the nucleus of veterans and will not have to be replaced for another four years.

"If a manager has prepared himself four years in advance he may be able to fill the gaps successfully with what material he has on hand. Failing in this, he may be able to trade a lot of youngsters and maneuver around until he gets the men necessary to round out his team. But he must have a reserve supply of young players to do this."

Huggins reached for his pipe and lighted it.

"People," he resumed, "look at a great team and say, 'Any manager could win with that bunch.' But they never stop to think of the years of thought and labor that brought the team into its present form. Of course a manager is sometimes fortunate in having a player exceed all expectations. More often he is disappointed. A man lasts as long as he can deliver the goods; not much longer. That's baseball."

The average player lasts about six years in the major leagues. To be sure, a lot of players last ten years or more. A few put in twenty or more years in the big leagues. But they are better-

than-average ball players. Players who last for ten years are noteworthy. The leagues recognize this length of service and offer a sort of reward. A ten-year man is entitled to his unconditional release. This means the major league team employing him cannot shunt him into the minors without his consent. The National League goes even farther. It gives all ten-year players who are no longer actively engaged in baseball passes admitting them to any National League park. A ten-year man is sure of these two favors if nothing else.

A player is old at thirty-five. At forty he has nothing but an old glove and a lot of memories. But while he is up there he is sitting on top of the world.

Various and sundry are the stories of how major-league ball players get their start in organized baseball. But in one respect every story is the same—by the way he played, the man impressed someone who was in a position to bring about his advancement. It is like getting a decoration for valor. Someone must see what you did.

The case of one Arthur Jahn is unique in a profession that is by no means cut and dried.

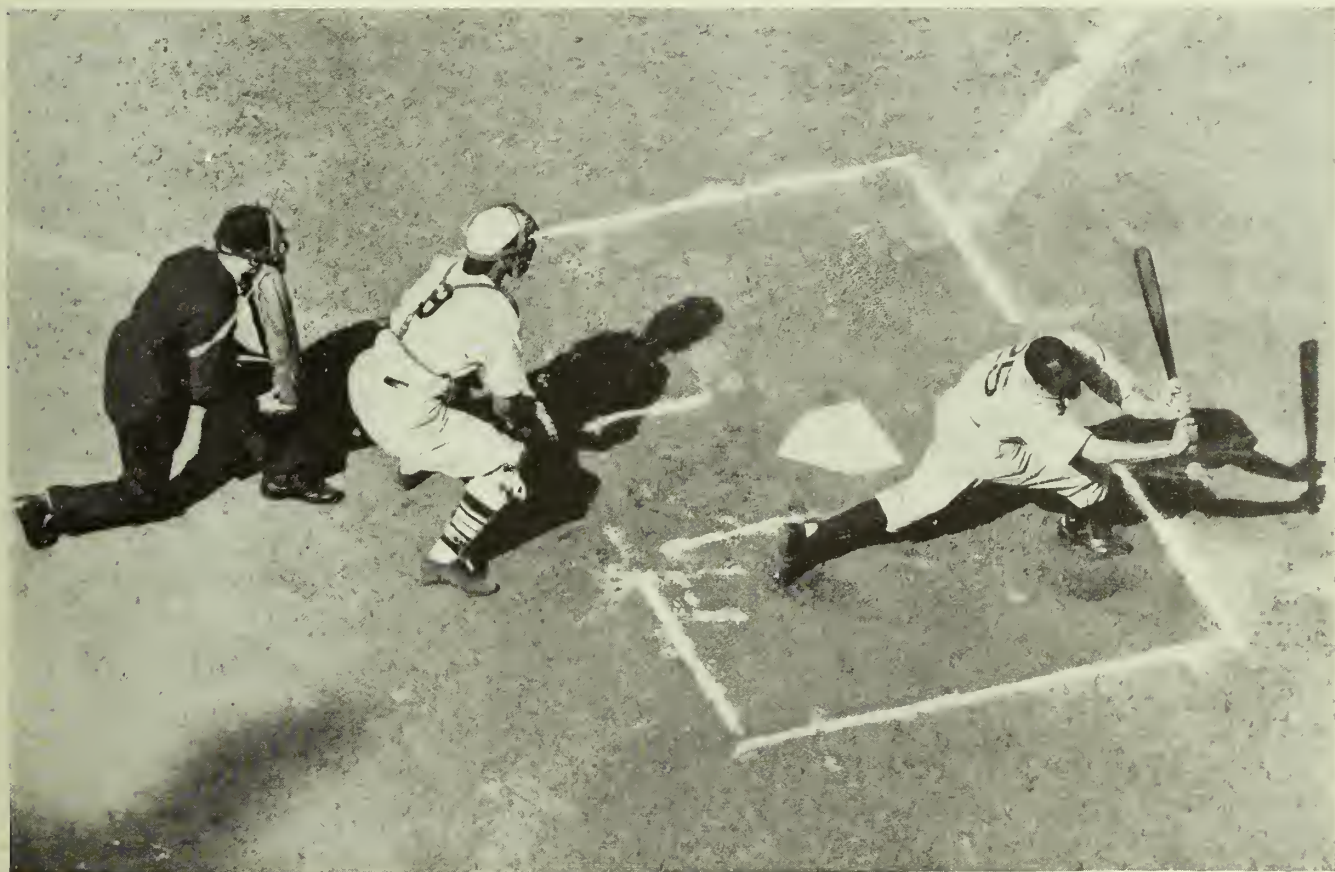
Art was working on his father's farm in Struble, Iowa. He had pitched on his grammar school team and around town and he wanted to play baseball professionally. But somehow he hadn't got started.

One night in the spring of the year Art was reading the *Sioux City Tribune*. After perusing the news he turned to the advertisements and spied this:

"Wanted—Young man to pitch and play the outfield. Address Bill Grill, Alvord, Ia."

Art placed the newspaper carefully on the table and got out the ink bottle. He was twenty-one and there did not seem to be any future in following a plough. He picked the muck off the pen, turned the lamp a bit higher and answered the advertisement.

Two days later Mr. Grill pulled up in front of the house. He was, he explained, cashier in the bank (Continued on page 66)



Just missed it! White of Detroit swings at a fast one in a World Series game at St. Louis. If you can manage to hit safely three times in ten you're good, if four times in ten you're great—in any league





Fidac's flags at the dedication of the Lafayette Escadrille monument in Garche, near Paris, in 1928. The three notable personages grouped behind the microphone, Marshal Foch, Ambassador Herrick and M. Doumer, President of the French Republic, are now dead

# WHAT *is this* FIDAC?

by  
Rev. Robert J. White  
*American Vice-President of FIDAC and Past National Chaplain, The American Legion*

A LITTLE, grayhaired old lady—one of our Gold Star Mothers—sat rocking back and forth as she looked out through the window of the little kitchen, beyond the geranium-covered window sill of the cottage, to the far off hills. It was the evening of Armistice Day. The shadows of the coming night were deepening and covering the hills with blackness. But still she rocked and pondered in her heart over the memory of the son she loved and the soldier she gave that America might endure. Earlier that day she had turned on the little radio and listened to the President of the United States and the National Commander of The American Legion speak from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier to the citizens of the nation upon the sacrifices of her boy and his buddies. Did she wonder if perhaps the Unknown Soldier was her boy? Yes, sometimes she did.

But most of the time she had faith in the formal notice which she had received from the War Department that her son had been killed in France and was buried in the cemetery of Soissons. But she thought tonight how much it would ease her mind if she could only have a small photograph of the cemetery and a little container of earth from his grave. If she could have these, she thought, how much more content she would be, to wait out the few days or months until she would meet and embrace her

lad once again. The President of the Auxiliary to the local Legion Post heard of her desire and told the local Commander, who in turn wrote National Headquarters of the Legion. From there the request went across the ocean to Paris, to the headquarters of the Federation Interalliée des Anciens Combattants, familiarly called the FIDAC, of which The American Legion is the United States member. A few weeks later, the postman walked up to the door of the little cottage and handed the Gold Star Mother a photograph of the cemetery and the little container filled with earth from the grave of her son.

There is in contrast a very different picture tonight in many of the school and public libraries of the United States, where boys and girls are looking through index cards and asking librarians to give them some references, books and magazines on the Universal Service Act which, as you and I know, was originated and sponsored by the Legion to take the profit out of war, and would enable the Government to requisition capital, labor, and the services of all in time of war without a cent of profit to any one. These same boys and girls are writing hundreds of letters to the headquarters of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary asking for information about the Legion, the Auxiliary, and the FIDAC.

Why all this activity of the boys and girls of the United States



in a search for information on Universal Service, The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary and the FIDAC? Because these boys and girls are in a competition and are seeking this information as the basis of essays to be sent to The American Legion Auxiliary, hoping to win one of the generous prizes in a contest. The first prize is two hundred dollars in good American money, and the other prizes beautiful medals. All of these prizes are generously donated by the Legion Auxiliary. The subject of the contest is: "How Can American Youth Co-operate with The American Legion and the FIDAC to Remove the Profit Motive from War As an Aid to World Peace?" This is an annual contest open to all the boys and girls of our land in an effort to waken them to a realization of their duty and their power in co-operating with us of The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary and the FIDAC in our worthy efforts for world peace. Last year our American boys and girls sent in over ten thousand essays. And this year, with such an interesting subject and such rich prizes, we expect to have double that number of essays. The winning essay will be printed in three languages in the FIDAC Review, which is the monthly publication of the organization. The essay will carry its message in English, French and Italian to all the nations of the world, giving information concerning our great objective, this Universal Service law which we will surely see enacted. Strangely enough, the Universal Service, so well known to us, is practically unknown beyond the shores of the United States. How fine it would be if all the nations would adopt this proposal and wipe off from the face of the earth all possible profit motives which are so vicious in fomenting wars!

Now these two pictures—the little, aged, Gold Star Mother and the young, active, enthusiastic youth—represent the kind of work that the FIDAC does in order to promote the objectives for which it was founded. Among these stand out the preservation

of the tender memories of our dead, and an active, united effort between the ex-service men of our Allies throughout the world, to use our combined strength and influence to avert the recurrence of warfare.

Strangely enough, it was on Independence Day, July 4, 1920, that the Allied veterans met in Paris and made plans for a permanent organization that should continue the friendship of Allied veterans in peace as in war. It certainly was natural and desirable to keep the veterans of the Allied nations together in an organization which would preserve their friendship and become a lasting bulwark for world peace. The organization was officially created at a conference on November 28, 1920. Among the other outstanding purposes of this body is the determination to preserve the friendship of the men who fought in a common cause, to defend the rights of ex-service men and their dependents, to exchange information, to combat false news—whether national or international—to work for peace, and to instruct the younger generations in these ideals and aims.

The permanent headquarters of the FIDAC were established and are still maintained in Paris. The organization occupies one floor of an unpretentious building near the Eiffel tower. But these unpretentious headquarters have become a world clearing house for inquiries from all over the world from veterans of the Allied Forces. Requests come written in almost every language known. And the requests are as varied as the interests of life. The FIDAC has assisted thousands of ex-service men and their dependents and widows and children in their efforts to obtain necessary evidence for pensions and other benefits. From fifty to one hundred letters are received daily from individual veterans in all parts of the world seeking various kinds of aid—copies of citations issued by foreign governments, papers necessary for the filing of pensions, certified (Continued on page 58)



The flags of Fidac and the British Legion carried in parade behind the Royal Irish Guard during the 1934 Fidac Congress in London



# ON *the* WAR

BUT THIS TIME THE VETERANS IN  
TION WORK ARE FIGHTING

*By Thomas*

SERVING as "night guard" over a bunch of work-tired grazing horses is a job after the heart of the Indian World War veteran. One learned this on a visit to the Standing Rock reservation, in North and South Dakota, in the course of an inquiry into the showing being made by ex-service men in the Indian Emergency Conservation Work. Frequent singling out of the Indian veteran for night-guard duty in the conservation areas was ascribed to a proved dependability growing out of military experience. It was part of his salvage from the war.

The night guard is the "night hawk" of the round-up, the "night herder" of outfits whose speech has not been colored by infusion of army terms. In one of the many open-range projects at Standing Rock, fifteen or more teams may be employed by day, as in building an earthen dam for a livestock reservoir. A man with a saddle pony tends the horses at night.

His general orders are simple—to keep the herd together, to find grass for it, not to let it roam too far from camp, not to lose any of it, to bring it back in time for work in the morning. He has no special orders. He halts no intruders; there are none in those wide and silent spaces. There is no corporal of his guard; he stands no inspection. No wonder such night-guarding approaches the soldier's dream of heaven.

In conservation projects on many reservations Indian veterans are reported to be doing notably good work because of qualities traceable to their military life, as for further instance—but let this be told in an orderly way. Later on one can touch upon the Indian veteran as first out in the morning, as pace setter, as promoter of teamwork, as obeyer of orders, as queller of discord, as handler of men, as upholder of authority, as stabilizer of morale.

However, a word more about Standing Rock right here. The reservation is, roughly, one hundred thirteen miles long by sixty-nine wide. Its Indians are Sioux. Chief Sitting Bull, who back in 1876 led the forces which wiped out Custer's command in the battle of the Little Big Horn, is buried in Fort Yates, seat of the



**Conservation: A drama in four acts. Act I: Dead and dying scrub and deep tangled wildwood invite conflagration**



**Act II: The Indians—one team of the 12,000 men employed—start cutting away the rank growth**

agency. There are nine American Legion posts within the reservation; among the five which have all-Indian membership are Joseph Takes the Shield Post, Martin Yellow Fat Post and Richard Blue Earth Post. Quaint names, naive, amusing? Well, is there so much difference between Joseph Takes the Shield and William Shakes-the-Spear?

The Indian Emergency Conservation Work is under way on



# PATH AGAIN

INDIAN EMERGENCY CONSERVA-  
THE MENACE OF FIRE

*J. Malone*



**Act III: The pathway begins to take definite shape as a result of the steady application of the Indian workers**



**Act IV: A real firebreak, with only a little policing-up necessary to finish this particular conservation job**

some eighty-odd reservations. Since its inception in March, 1933, more than 12,000 Indians have been employed in it. Federally financed, like the Civilian Conservation Corps, it differs from the latter only in that all its enrollees are Indians and that all work is done on their own reservations. Work is under the immediate direction of the agency superintendents.

But will Indians work? The question comes from the skeptical

white man. The answer from the emergency conservation areas is that Indians do work, they are working. Industry and production in the I. E. C. W., according to the authorities at Washington, measure fully up to the C. C. C. standard.

There appeared in these pages in February, 1934, a consideration of the creditable performance of World War veterans enrolled in the C. C. C., a performance which owed no little to qualities attributable to military training and experience. In the C. C. C., veteran enrollees have been grouped into companies by themselves. In the I. E. C. W., there has been no segregation of veterans from non-veterans. The two groups live together and work together. Whatever the Indian veteran may have gained from his military service that adds to his effectiveness in peace-time industry has a chance to show in comparison with the work of his fellows who did not have such experience.

In July of 1934 the Bureau of Indian Affairs in the United States Department of the Interior announced selection of five Indian agencies as the "best" from the standpoint of conservation work, and of eight as runners-up. Read these testimonials from superintendents of agencies within the group of thirteen as to the unique efficiency of the Indian veterans.

This from Lac du Flambeau agency in upper Wisconsin:

"Apparently the experience of the World War veterans while in the service trained them for various jobs such as truck drivers and tractor operators, and for other trades connected with the conservation work. I believe the Indian boys who have had army or navy experience are more forward and better equipped to take over super-

visory positions than those who have not. That experience has made the veterans more aggressive and given them more confidence in themselves. It has also been found that they have more respect for discipline and understand the necessity for it."

Pine Ridge agency, in southwest South Dakota, reported:

"The Indian ex-service men show the effects of their military training in many ways. They understand (Continued on page 61)





The German ship *Cormoran* as she lay off the island of Guam just before her crew blew her up on our entering the war. The *Cormoran* had been interned since October, 1914

# *The* DESTRUCTION *of the* CORMORAN

*By Louise M. White*

**R**EPORT to the Governor — “The *Cormoran* is blown up! All hands are jumping overboard.” This shouted message woke me up with a start at eight o’clock on the morning of April 7, 1917. It was the marine at the telephone relaying the news to the Governor’s orderly. Like most Spanish buildings, the Governor’s palace had offices on the ground floor, living quarters above, and my bedroom happened to be over the telephone exchange.

If asked where after our entrance into the World War our first warlike act of importance took place, few, if any, would name a small island way out in the Pacific, two-thirds of the way to the Philippines—the little island of Guam.

Guam was captured by us from the Spaniards during the Spanish war. It lies just west of the international date line so that at daybreak there on a new day it is still the day before in most of the world. When the sun rose on Guam on April 7, 1917, it was still April 6th on the western front, still April 6th in the United States. During the night a message had come to the Governor that Congress had declared war on Germany and so on that beautiful morning as the clocks moved round to eight o’clock, a United States Navy launch under a flag of truce shoved off from the dock at Piti and approached the gangway of the *Cormoran*, a German converted cruiser which had been anchored in the harbor of Agaña.

It was a ten-minute run from shore to ship, a lapse of time which gave the Germans ample opportunity for preparation, for as soon as our boat left the dock, the sight of the white flag con-

firmed to those on watch on the cruiser what they perhaps already knew, certainly what they had for some time expected—another nation had lined up against the Central Powers. When our officers reached the cruiser they were taken before the German captain, of whom they demanded the surrender not only of

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**EXTRA! America Declares War!—and the First Real Bang Sounded Thousands of Miles Away from Europe and the States, near a Sleepy Island in Mid-Pacific**

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the officers and men but also of the ship. Gladly, he replied would he surrender the men but the ship, “Never!” All the American lieutenant could do therefore was to return to his waiting launch. He knew, however, that as soon as his boat was clear the shore batteries, according to a prearranged signal would open fire on the enemy ship. But things did not progress as had been anticipated, for scarcely had the small boat shoved off, when there was a muffled explosion. The *Cormoran* had been blown up. Ships were one of the greatest needs of the Allies at that time and the Germans, knowing this, had worked at the risk of their lives



to prevent the capture of their converted merchant ship, which could have been used to carry arms and ammunition to Europe for use against their fellow countrymen.

Almost at the same instant as the explosion, from all over the ship men were seen jumping overboard and in an instant the waters were full of swimming and struggling Germans. The surrender launch turned back and rescued quite a few, those on shore saw what had happened and sent out more small boats and barges, while other swimmers pulled themselves on board the captain's pinnace and the pulling boats which had been tied astern the *Cormoran*. Finally when the prisoners were lined up on the dock, out of over four hundred men and officers aboard the vessel, all but seven had been saved. This remarkably small loss of life is explained by the fact that for months previously the sailors had been drilled daily in swimming and diving from the ship.

As soon as we heard the news we rushed to go up on Radio Hill, a height which commanded a fine view of the harbor. We were too late. So thoroughly had the Germans mined the *Cormoran* and so quickly did she sink that it was a scant three minutes between the explosion and the complete disappearance of the ship. The timing of the explosion was so perfect that at first it was thought that the captain had simply pressed a button and touched off a mine. Later it was learned, however, that a sailor in the coal bunkers had set off a charge of dynamite and in so doing had burned his hands.

And why would a German cruiser be in that American harbor away out in that far-off part of the world with a war going on back in Europe? In August, 1914, when hostilities were started, there was a small German cruiser or gunboat at Tsing-Tao, the kaiser's concession in China. Also on shore were a number of



**Old Glory goes aloft—a major event in the day's program at Guam before things began to pop on April 6, 1917**

reserve officers and men. These were ordered to join the regular navy. The gunboat being too small for the number now attached to it they seized a Russian passenger ship, fitted her with the guns of their old boat, rechristened her the *Cormoran* and started out to raid enemy shipping in the Pacific. They operated for a time with Von Spee's squadron but were largely ineffective, partly because their speed was not up to that of the other ships, their cruising radius smaller and their armament less. Some of their failure may also have been due to the character of their commander, a Herr Kapitän Zuckswerdt. His name translated into English means "draw the sword" and surely that sounds bloodthirsty enough. But he proved to be not nearly daring enough for the situation in which he found himself. To the disgust of his junior officers he spent much of

his time dodging into small islands, camouflaged his ship with palm branches, accomplished little. It may be that we are a little hard on the kapitän, for according to the ship's log which was later recovered, the cruiser always lacked coal to go where she planned to go and was (Continued on page 56)



**The seat of government at Guam, which is under control of the Navy Department. When we give up the Philippines it will be our farthest East possession, 5,053 miles from San Francisco and more than 2,500 beyond Honolulu**



# BY *the* LEGION-

**T**HE tom toms of prejudice are always beating in New York City. Viewing with alarm and pointing the finger of condemnation, almost anybody can organize overnight in the metropolis a crusade on a professional, semi-professional or strictly amateur basis. On short notice, he can get on the dotted line the signatures of any number of petition-signing citizens. If he is the more subtle sort of country savor, he steers clear of the petition signers and selects his recruits quietly in the downtown financial section. An industrious savior with a couple of good slogans can still gather a hatful of sizeable checks quickly in the season for swearing down income tax returns.

It was not surprising that fifty or more clergymen joined a year or so ago in a denunciation of The American Legion for its efforts to restore to disabled service men the compensation taken away from them by the Economy Act. More than one of the ministers who signed unthinkingly the petition aimed at the disabled service man later regretted his act, as he came to understand the complex medical, legal and social factors upon which veterans' compensation payments are based.

When the Legion's fight to repeal the unjust provisions of the Economy Act was being carried on, the service man's critics overplayed their hand by the injudicious use of epithets. In a crescendo of vilification they called the veteran racketeer and gangster, treasury raider and burglar. Fair-minded citizens were disgusted by this campaign of defamation, and public sentiment was almost solidly behind Congress when it corrected the obvious injustices of the Economy Act.

In retrospect the mud slinging of this campaign of a year ago is more amusing than exasperating. The Legion has always been tolerant enough to discount even the bitterest insults shouted in the heat of battle. It has always accepted philosophically the kind of enemies which have been given to it. It has been fortunate. It was particularly fortunate in this last January when out of an obscurity that was unwelcome to him a New York colonel of a National Guard regiment hurled at the Legion's head a new insult and what was intended to be a provocative taunt.

"The American Legion," this fellow said, "is Public Enemy No. 1."

The gentleman who said this was overheated by reports from Washington telling of Congress's intention to authorize full and immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates. The statement itself brought to its author disappointingly little publicity. But it

**Legionnaire J. W. McCall, chief of staff of the famed Tournament of Roses parade on New Year's Day in Pasadena, California, an event in which Pasadena Post figures more importantly each new year**



*THE American Legion writes its imperishable service record by establishing parks and playgrounds, by promoting education, by aiding orphaned and needy children, by standing as a first line of defense against disaster, by its countless other good works in the communities which are the homes of 11,000 Posts*

did afford a good reason for an examination of the Legion's real character and the nature of its works.

National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., happened to be speaking in New York City only a few days later, at a joint luncheon of Advertising Men's Post and the New York Advertising Club. Commander Belgrano arrived in New York after visiting Legion Posts in the West, the South and a section of the East, during the travels which in this year will take him to





# FOR *the* TOWN



Providence, Rhode Island, expresses in flowers its regard for The American Legion. This emblem, in beautiful Roger Williams Park, is a reminder of the many community works of Rhode Island's Posts

all parts of the country. He told his hearers that, living as they do in a section in which The American Legion's activities are too often viewed narrowly in the headlines, they perhaps knew little of the things the Legion is doing in its home towns throughout the United States.

Everywhere he had gone, he told them, he had found the Legion making parks and playgrounds, promoting programs of sports for the youth of America, carrying on at the same time the most practical work for orphaned and needy children as a part of the Legion's national child welfare program. He told them of the work of Legion Posts for better schools, and of the idealistic program in education drawn up by the Miami National Convention. He pointed to the American Legion Post as a first line of community defense in thousands of towns—with Legionnaires enrolled in emergency units ready to respond to the call of need in flood, fire or any catastrophe. He mentioned the hospitals which Legion Posts have established in

their towns, and the American Legion ambulances which are on duty every day in the year in hundreds of communities.

On his visit to Little Rock, Arkansas, he said, he found the police department using a radio auto patrol system provided by The American Legion. At West Palm Beach, Florida, shortly after his election, he saw a pulmotor of the latest type which The American Legion had given to its town.

Commander Belgrano recalled that in State after State he had learned of the splendid services rendered by the Legion ambulances, bought by Legion Posts, manned by Legionnaires, available instantly to all citizens in case of accident or sudden illness. Many of his listeners knew at first hand more about those ambulances than he told them. The burning of the *Morro Castle* off the New Jersey coast but a few months earlier had been followed by a mobilization of New Jersey Legion and Forty and Eight ambulances at Asbury Park and other towns along the coast where the dead and surviving passengers were brought ashore.

Other listeners knew that at the moment Commander Belgrano was speaking, Legionnaires of a New Jersey community were demonstrating anew the Legion's readiness to serve its town. In Flemington, where Hauptmann was being tried on the charge of kidnaping the son of Charles A. Lindbergh, fifty members of Flemington Post had volunteered to



Fifteen-year-old Priscilla Eveleth, mascot of the Winter Haven (Florida) Drum Corps holds the record of tossing a baton thirty feet in the air and catching it sixty-five times without a miss. Florida wants a mascot contest during the St. Louis National Convention



help their town's few policemen guard the court house and patrol the streets which were filled with visitors.

Commander Belgrano gave to his hearers a picture of an army of a million Legionnaires at work for the towns in which they live. He did not burden them with statistics, or he could have told them that by actual count several years ago it was found that 2,832 Posts had organized emergency relief units for service in time of disaster; 260 Posts had donated ambulances to their communities; the Legion had built or endowed 1,147 hospitals; Legion Posts had built or paid for 607 swimming pools, 352 golf courses, 2,669 playgrounds and public parks and 520 aviation fields; Legion fire departments were serving 402 communities; 2,325 Posts had purchased and erected warning signs requesting motorists to "protect children;" American Legion child health clinics were operating in 3,642 communities; 859 Posts had planted trees and rendered outstanding service in maintaining forest preserves; 1,100 Posts were actively engaged in establishing game refuges and hunting and fishing preserves; and Legion Posts had organized 1,055 summer camps for boys and had sponsored 4,767 Boy Scout troops. These services have been continued and enlarged with the passage of the years.

That all this is more than incidental in the Legion's life today is attested by the Miami Convention's resolution on community service which is now serving as a battle order to 11,000 Posts. It reads:

"Resolved, that each and every Post be urged and instructed through the Departments to carry on at least one community

project suitable and feasible to the needs of that particular community."

## Ghosts of 1918

WHEN the Albany County (New York) Disaster Committee was organizing in accordance with the plan recommended by the National Americanism Commission, T. Manning Grimes, the committee chairman, decided that the county emergency

system would not be complete unless the Legionnaires had an ambulance. Funds were low, however. Relief work was making heavy demands. New ambulances are rather costly. But these facts didn't stop the committee. The ambulance is now in service, and there may be an idea for other Posts in the way it was provided.

"Working evenings, holidays and Sundays we fitted an army ambulance body (1918 model) onto a serviceable ton-and-a-half truck," writes Mr. Grimes. "The result is a four-stretcher-case ambulance which can within a few minutes be converted to carry ten sitting cases. The

equipment consists of six stretchers, extra blankets, field first-aid kits, coffee container and food box, shovels, crowbars, axes and rope.

"The ambulance squad covers all parades, dedications and other public gatherings of considerable size, and can be called upon to report to any disaster within thirty miles of Albany. The members of the squad are picked up by taxi and can assemble speedily.

"It is worth noting that we have done this without soliciting



Legionnaires of the Albany County (New York) Disaster Committee met the needs of the times by building this ambulance themselves in their spare time. Does it look familiar? Yes, the body came from an army ambulance of the war days

project each year, and further that each Post make a survey at the beginning of the Legion year, by means of questionnaires or otherwise, and if necessary contact the municipal and county authorities in order to obtain information as to community needs, and after obtaining necessary information adopt some

funds from the public and the service is free. The county disaster committee now has twenty-two key men, and each of these has a squad of ten men. We can assemble at any given spot upon short notice as many as 2,000 Legionnaires. Communications, transportation and supplies have been arranged for by each unit





The Junior Auxiliary of Baxter L. Schaub Post of LaGrange, Georgia, enables little girls to keep pace with the Post's proteges in the Sons of The American Legion and the Boy Scouts

One other example of service the Post gave its town recently. When Ernest Cox, 39-year-old veteran of the Thirty-fifth Division, died suddenly in the town in which he was a stranger, a derelict of a social order changed by the war which left him a physical wreck, Carey R. McClaren Post sounded Taps for him and laid him to rest with full military honors in the G. A. R. plot of the local cemetery.

### *As Maine Goes—*

THE good folks of Thomaston, Maine, were puzzled when they saw a large number of men working with picks and shovels on a 14-acre lot behind the town's principal business blocks, just off Main Street. The mystery was cleared when they read a printed circular bearing the emblem of The American Legion and headed "An Open Letter to the Citizens of Thomaston." This described the plan of Williams-Brazier Post to provide Thomaston with a forty-acre park and give work to many of the town's unemployed.

The project began when the Post conceived the idea that the 14-acre lot which it had used for many seasons as a skating rink for children could be made into a year-round playground. It bought this lot and presented it to the town, in order that federal funds might be obtained for making the improvements. When the

Post's action became known, Miss Mary Jordan of Montclair, New Jersey, presented as an addition an adjoining tract of thirty-four acres. Then the Post expanded its plans to include a baseball field, two playgrounds, tennis courts, ice-skating rinks and a sunken garden in what had been a stone quarry.

"Our Post's first community effort was a dental clinic for school children," writes Post Adjutant E. D. Risteen. "We believe that our town's new park will live as a memorial of the spirit which we have developed through the years. The new park has long since ceased to be strictly a Legion project. It has become something for which everyone in (Continued on page 69)

in the county. In the general committee, we have doctors, nurses and heads of the various divisions, such as shelter, food, transportation and engineering."

### *Always, The Legion*

HERINGTON, Kansas, knows that when duty calls unexpectedly the first to answer is Carey R. McClaren Post of The American Legion.

On the morning of December 13th, reports Past National Vice Commander Ed Carruth, a member of the post, the town was stirred by the news that Art Calkins, its chief of police, had been abducted by two thugs whom he had sought to question. They had sped away with him in an automobile and the town feared he would be slain. Calkins is a veteran of the Thirty-fifth Division and the Herington Post members had served with him in the Argonne and the division's other battles. Quickly the Post went into action itself and called upon every other Post in a wide section of Kansas for help.

"Some of our members scrambled into cars to search the countryside," writes Mr. Carruth. "Others manned telephones to notify Legionnaires of other cities. Appeals were broadcast by radio. Soon Legionnaires all over the State were patrolling the country highways, searching likely hideouts. Calkins was released by his abductors that night in Oklahoma, but the Legion stayed on the job until word was received that he was safe."





# TOO MUCH IS PLENTY

Or Both Members of the Same Lodge

By Wallgren





# Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



THE newlyweds were on their honeymoon, and were stopping at one of New York's older hotels. The bridegroom was indisposed, and the little woman went out to do some shopping. When she returned, tripping sprightly down the long hallway, she was a bit confused by the number of doors that looked alike. But she was sure she remembered the location of the door to her suite, and rapped on one.

"I'm back, honey; let me in," she called.

There was no response.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called loudly.

Still there was no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's Gertrude. Let me in!"

There was more silence, but finally a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door:

"Madame, this is not a beehive—it's a bathroom."

TED COX, of the Scripps-Howard Coxes, relates about the methods of a writer who used to get so much per column for his stuff. Once when he had been commissioned to write a serial for a Birmingham paper on such a basis, his yarn contained numerous passages such as:

"Did you hear him?"

"I did."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the garden."

"When?"

"Monday."

"Then he is alive?"

"He is."

"Ah."

The editor finally sent for the writer and told him that in the future he would be paid on a basis of the number of letters in his stories. The very next instalment a character who stuttered was introduced, and throughout were passages such as:

"B-b-b-b-believe me, j-j-j-judge, I a-a-a-am i-i-i-innocent. I-i-i-it was m-m-m-my d-d-d-dear old d-d-d-daddy who k-k-k-killed him!"



AND from Past Department Commander Joe Lieberman of New Mexico we get this one:

"Did you enjoy your dinner, sir?" asked the solicitous restaurant hostess.

"Yes, except the dessert—it was terrible."

"Did you have plum pudding or lemon pie?"

"I don't know, it tasted like glue!"

"Ah! It was the plum pudding. The lemon pie tastes like paste."

VIRGINIA'S Wiley Jackson tells an unusual dog story.

"My friend, Bill Nunnally," he says, "has a very smart dog. One day a neighbor's house caught afire, and everything was confusion, and one of the children was left in the house. Up jumped Bill's dog, and rushed into the neighbor's house and soon reappeared with the missing child. Everyone was saved, but the dog dashed through the flames again. What did the dog want? No one knew. Shortly he came out again—scorched and burned, with—what do you think?—the fire insurance policy, wrapped in a damp cloth."

"WHEN I was a boy," said a gray haired physician, who was in a reminiscent mood, "I wanted to be a soldier, but my parents persuaded me to study medicine."

"Oh, well," consoled the sympathetic druggist, "such is life. Many a man with wholesale ambitions has to content himself with a retail business."



FROM out in Nevada's Reno, Herb Foster, former state junior baseball chairman, writes about a new maid in a certain household who was answering the telephone.

"Yessum," she was heard to say. "Yessum," she said the second time. Then "Ain't it de truth?" And with that she hung up.

The phone rang again, and the maid answered with the identical replies.

When she had finished, the head of the family asked her: "What sort of talk were you having? Who was it and what did they say?"

"Why, you see," replied the girl, "somebody axe me if dis was where at you lived an' I says 'yessum.' Den dey axe if you all was home, an' I says 'yessum.' Den dey says 'long distance from Miami,' an' I says 'ain't it de truth?'"

THE visitor to New York was being shown around by a son of the old sod. Quite naturally he was soon in a section of the city thickly populated by the Irish.

"Where do all the Murphys come from?" he asked.

The quick-witted guide pointed to a large building across the street over the entrance of which was the legend:

"Murphy Manufacturing Company."



FROM Bangor, Maine, Legionnaire Al Lebrun tells about the precocious child who had been taken to the photographer.

"Watch," said the kindly old soul from behind the camera, "and you'll see a pretty little dicky bird."

"Ah, nuts!" replied the youngster. "Don't be silly! Expose your plate and let's get this over!"

THEN there's the one from Past Department Commander L. J. Kosminsky, of Texarkana, Arkansas, about the tiny boy, with a penny clutched tightly in his moist hand, standing on tiptoe with his face pressed against the front of the candy case. Nothing seemed to please him, and finally the impatient clerk said:

"See here, boy, do you want to buy the whole world with a fence around it for a penny?"

The prospective buyer thought a moment and then replied:

"Let's see it."

NATIONAL Auditor Glen Crawford tells about the poker-playing father and his boy who were in the nursery of the maternity hospital. They were looking at the cribs containing the Jones quintuplets. Finally the little boy turned to his father and said:

"Gee, Mr. and Mrs. Jones are lucky, daddy."

"Why so, son?"

"Well, they got five of a kind, didn't they?"

BILL GOINS of Tandy Reid Post, Overton, Texas, declares this is the original version of a popular story. He says they were organizing a new Legion Post in a Texas village. The matter of electing temporary officers was being badly hampered by a none too sober comrade. He kept demanding that the officers be made permanent. Finally, the chairman's patience was exhausted and he shouted:

"Shut up! You don't know the difference between temporary and permanent!"

"The hell I don't!" shouted back the tipsy one. "I'm drunk—that's temporary. You're crazy—that's permanent!"



"WAL, my little gal," said the hard-boiled mountaineer. "Jed jes' axed me about you an' him gettin' hooked up."

"But, papa, I don't want to leave mother!"

"Don't let that bother you, gal—you can take her along with you."



# TURN OUT *the* GUARD!



One of the Machine-gun Anti-Aircraft Batteries at the Base Hospital at Chaumont, France, composed of men of the Seventh Machine Gun Company, Fifth Regiment of Marines. This company was detached to serve as a Provost Guard for G. H. Q.

THE letters D. S. following a soldier's name might mean one of several things. They stand, of course, for "detached service," and such detached service might signify a soft job in pleasant surroundings where a fellow could forget that he was in the Army, or it might represent onerous duties that anyone would be happy to dodge. Now we learn of an outfit on D. S. and in this instance those letters might also be interpreted "distinguished service."

Our informant is Russell Black of Hemet, California, Commander of Riverside County Council, Department of California, The American Legion. Since it is his story, we'll let him go ahead with it:

"I have received the Legion magazine since it was first published and wish to convey to its staff my appreciation of the benefits I have received in 'the good of the Legion' through perusal of its contents. On membership work, I use it as a talking point and the reaction has always been very favorable.

"I am submitting several snapshots, one of which is of the first Provost Guard to do duty at G. H. Q. at Chaumont, France. This was in September, 1917. The Seventh Machine Gun Company of the Fifth Regiment of Marines was detached for this duty from the brigade then stationed at Miraucourt.

"A good many of the Yanks who passed through Chaumont will remember this company of Leathernecks. We were relieved of this special duty the latter part of September, 1918, rejoined the Marine brigade in the Champagne Sector and were used as replacements in the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion. I was at-

*WHEN the Commander-in-Chief  
Had Important Guests to Greet in  
Chaumont, He Called Upon a Snappy  
Marine Provost Guard at G. H. Q.*

tached to the Fifteenth Company of that battalion, went through to the Army of Occupation and came home with the Second Division.

"Our big job at Chaumont was to turn out a snappy outfit whenever General Pershing had a high-powered visitor and we presented

arms to almost all of the big shots of the Allies. About the only distinction we did miss was to do the honors for old Kaiser Bill.

"The Seventh Company, Fifth Regiment of Marines, also maintained machine-gun anti-aircraft defense batteries at Chaumont and the other snapshot enclosed shows one of these batteries stationed at the Base Hospital at G. H. Q. The machine guns shown are the famous Hotchkiss, remembered with pride by





anyone who ever used one. They, of course, could be depended upon to jam at a crucial moment, but that never bothered a good gunner.

"Reading from left to right, the members of the pictured crew are: Mitchell, Ostrom, Flanders, Aanes, Dunham and Magnee. I have seen very few Seventh Company men since the war and would like to hear from the buddies in this picture or any others of the men."

IN A coming issue of the Monthly you will find a story from one of the "war babies"—just one of the many offspring of the several thousand Franco-American marriages that resulted from our country sending troops overseas to help the Allies win the war. On this page we display a photograph of one of these ceremonies, with the bride's and groom's attendants and guests. The picture came to us as a result of the interest of Legionnaire Maurice D. Cohen of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, in a contribution in the March, 1933, issue of the Monthly. Comrade Cohen has this to say in a letter dated March 1, 1933:

"In the current issue of the Monthly I saw the story, 'A Ticket to Blighty' and also the picture taken in U. S. Base Hospital No. 37 at Dartford, Kent, England, submitted by William Robbins. I want to report that I am in this picture—the patient at the left with the crutches behind his bed.

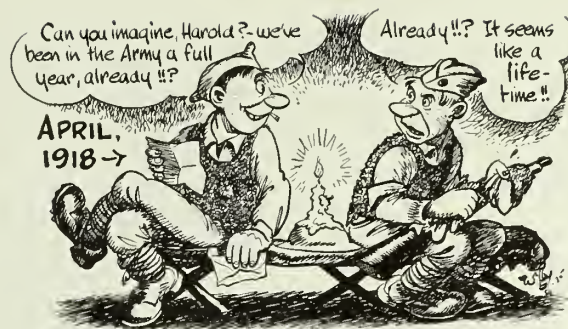
"I am enclosing a photograph taken while I was a member of the 217th Company, Military Police, with which I was on detached service after being released from the hospital in England. I was originally with Company I, 311th Infantry, 78th Division.

"The 217th Company was doing duty in the Leave Areas from Biarritz to Toulouse. I was stationed in the small village of Cauterets, up in the Pyrenees Mountains, where there were natural mineral baths and which in peacetime had been quite a resort for Europeans of wealth.

"The picture shows one of the boys of our outfit leaving the village church with a French girl he had taken as wife. I cannot remember his name nor the names of the other soldiers in the group. Have often wondered how this marriage turned out and also what has become of the rest of my old gang."

AGAIN we have a surprise for one of our contributors — and, incidentally, for veterans of the crew of one of our wartime cruisers which did good service and had some unusual experiences recorded on her log. The contributor is R. C. (Dick) Lockwood of McNamara Post, Martinez, California, according to the first letter received from him in May, 1930, although a later letter came on the letter-head of the "Lazy J Ranch," La Jolla Hermosa, San Diego County, California.

In submitting the pic-



ture of the partly-dismantled ship, which we reproduce on the page following, Dick Lockwood had this to say:

"In your March, 1930, issue you showed a picture of the U. S. S. *Frederick* and quoted from several letters regarding the fire on the transport *Henderson*, July 3, 1918, when the *Frederick* was in the same convoy en route to the A. E. F. Those letters were very interesting to me as I was on board the *Huron* at the same time, as a member of the 27th Division.

"When I heard not so long ago that the *Frederick* was being scrapped at Oakland, California, I went down to take a look at her and the enclosed snapshot tells the story of how she looked on May 3, 1930.

"It also may be of interest to members of the 'Then and Now Gang' to know that the U. S. Cruisers *Albany*, *Salem* and *New Orleans* are also being scrapped at Bay Point, California."

We find in a Navy Department publication entitled "Ships' Data, U. S. Naval Vessels," dated July 1, 1922, that the Cruiser *Frederick* was acquired by the Navy in 1900, the builder being the Newport News Ship Building Company. At that time she was known as the *Maryland*, the name being changed to *Frederick* on November 9, 1916.

PLACE yourself in this comrade's position and consider what your reactions would have been. First, let us introduce him: M. M. Richardson of the Executive Committee of Walter C. Lee Post, Walla Walla, Washington, and editor of *The Legion Record*. He reports that he took on with the 200th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Forces, as lieutenant in March, 1916, and went overseas in November of the same year. His unit was absorbed into the Ninth Reserve Battalion in December; he was at Aldershot as instructor in musketry during the spring of 1917 and saw General Pershing when the General visited that camp. He was in London the day after we declared war and saw our flag flying from Parliament and from Buckingham Palace.



A Franco-American wedding in Cauterets, France. Veterans of the 217th M. P. Company should remember the occasion. Who are the bride and groom?



Although called into our own service as an officer of the U. S. Reserve Corps, he refused the transfer to avoid another siege of training troops and continued to France with the 55th Company, Canadian Forestry Corps, where they worked timber right up against the enemy's lines in the St. Quentin area. Now for the locale of his story: While en route to his work in France, he was at Rest Camp No.

3 at Le Havre (we knew those Le Havre rest camps!) in August, 1917. His story is this:

"About three thousand casualties and newly-arrived troops from all countries under the British and French flags, were in Rest Camp No. 3, wearing out their hearts in enforced idleness. Four companies of Canadian Forestry Corpsmen had lately arrived.

"One particularly hot afternoon when the camp drowed in the blinding sunlight and everyone had hunted shade of some kind, there came a cry from someone, hardly noticed at first: 'Here come the Yanks!'

"Impossible. The Americans were a long way off and couldn't begin to pour into France for months to come. The cry was repeated, only louder and with more feeling. There was a jubilant ring to it this time. 'Here come the Yanks!'

"This time it was answered by a growling roar from many of these war-worn soldiers. They emerged from the huts, the tents and the shady places. British Territorials, Kitchener's Army men, French, Belges, Algerians, Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians—all came tumbling out onto the main roadway.

"And sure enough: Here they came! Two companies of them, looking trim in their close-fitting uniforms, wearing no side arms and carrying no rifles, but with the glorious Stars and Stripes proudly borne at the head of the column. As an American, away from his native land for two years with only memories of the good people of his homeland, the sight of Old Glory was like an opening of the gates of Heaven. His flag! His people! Coming at last.

"While the soldiers of the Allies yelled and each in his own way cheered these fresh, boyish-looking Yanks, this lone American stood and looked—just looked and worshipped while the tears rolled down his cheeks. Can it be wondered that it was he, as Orderly Officer for that day, who arranged for the feeding of these companies of Hospital Service men? Is it any wonder that he helped rustle blankets for those boys from Detroit and Pittsburgh whose Q. M. service had failed to function? To him it was a chance to show his devotion to that flag and all it represented.

"Were any of our Legionnaires among the men who came to that camp on that day and received such a welcome from the war-experienced men of all Allied countries assembled there?"

**T**HIS Company Clerk, as was true of those company clerks you fellows knew during the war days, occasionally pulls a boner. Don't think for a minute that he gets by with any



**Veterans of the crew of the U. S. Cruiser Frederick will scarcely recognize their old ship in the above picture, taken in May, 1930, when she was being scrapped at Oakland, California**

mis-statement, because if ever there was a critical audience he has it. And furthermore, he welcomes having called to his attention any errors that may creep into his columns. For instance, this letter from Ed G. Taylor of Taunton (Massachusetts) Post:

"On page 35 of the January, 1935, issue of the Monthly there is a photograph of one of the light railways in France.

"Underneath the picture you state, 'The toy French engine. . . ' This is incorrect as the engine shown, although 'toy' if you must call it so, is an American engine built by Baldwin of Philadelphia. Large numbers of these engines, which ran on the 60-centimetre gauge lines—so-called 'Decauville' lines—came from that firm which made this size of portable rail years ago.

"Many miles of these narrow-gauge railways were used as feeders for the front lines, long before the Americans got there. The engines were supplied by various locomotive firms but Baldwin made those as shown, first for the British and afterwards for the A. E. F. Many of them are in use in this country in various capacities today. I saw one at the Atlanta, Georgia, airport not long ago in the service of a contractor.

"I take great interest in the railroad features in the Monthly and have a mass of data on the subject. The whole story of A. E. F. rail activities remains to be written. It is a pity you cannot get some authentic stuff on the subject from someone concerned. I was not."

That last statement gives the impression that Comrade Taylor was not in the Railway Engineer service during the war—and yet he called attention to this error even though ex-railroaders failed to make report. We thank him.

**H**ERE'S a flash-back to the War Between the States which we feel will be of interest to all of the gang. The letter came from Robert Lee—Robert H. Lee, in this case, of Benton, Louisiana, former captain with the 57th Infantry. Take the microphone, Comrade Lee:

"Can you beat it?

"In the 11th Company, Second Officers Training Camp, Leon Springs, near San Antonio, Texas, from August to November, 1917, I happened to draw a bunk assignment between K. M. Jackson, from some point in Mississippi, and Percy Stewart, from Natchez, Mississippi.

"Jackson—Lee—Stewart (Stuart)—three names that topped the list of Confederate generals between 1861 and 1865."

Too bad that a personal friend of ours wasn't in the same camp instead of in the First Officers Training Camp at Fort Logan H. Root, Arkansas. Because, believe it or not, he is Captain Stonewall Jackson, now in the Philippines.

**O**UTFIT reunions during the National Convention of the Legion to be held in St. Louis, September 23d to 26th, are recognized as major activities by the 1935 American Legion Convention Corporation in that city. Legionnaire John Sweeney, 1300 Clark Avenue, St. Louis, has been (Continued on page 70)







Following adjournment of the Tenth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, Mrs. A. C. Carlson, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, with her color-bearers, Mrs. Vera Soelter and Mrs. W. P. Robertson, leads a pilgrimage to the Unknown Soldier's Tomb

# SECURITY *Spells* PEACE

**M**ORE than sixteen years have passed since the war to end wars was brought to a close but for the greater part of those sixteen years political and economic strife has been evident in almost every section of this world of ours. It seems strange, therefore, that many intelligent, well-meaning persons should still place their faith in the theory that if our country were to disarm, our belligerent neighbors would follow our Christian example and do likewise.

Wouldn't it be just as sane an idea to suggest that if all police were removed from our cities, crime and disorder would no longer disturb us? That, too, would be a definite form of disarmament. It sounds incredible, but there has been one religious group who in their zeal for peace adopted among other resolutions two which were passed on for Congressional consideration. One of these called for an immediate cut in the size of our Navy. The other demanded that Congress send our Navy into a distant part of the Mediterranean Sea to protect the downtrodden Armenians.

*By John J. Noll*

It has long been conceded that many actions of mankind are controlled by sentiment and that this is particularly true of women. Sentiment may take various forms. It may mean a world-

wide spirit of brotherly love. It may mean a sense of patriotism which too often, in the form of intense nationalism, causes friction between nations. It may mean a determination to keep the oncoming generation from suffering the horrors of war.

The best of these sentiments are possessed by a group of women who in the last days of January assembled in Washington to consider the subject of national defense. The principal manner in which these women differ is that they are possessed of sentiment based on sanity. From all parts of the country these 600 representatives of 32 outstanding women's patriotic organizations joined in the Tenth Women's Patriotic Conference on National Defense, which was presided over by Mrs. Albin Charles Carlson, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary. Devoid of any thought of militarism of (Continued on page 68)



# Come and Get It—Sugar on Snow!

(Continued from page 21)

an informal sort of "sugaring off." In its formal celebration the affair is a big party. Neighbors come from everywhere at an appointed time; the girls attend, barber shop quartettes "oblige" and all that sort of thing. But this was plenty good enough for us. Our feeling was about the same as old Obe Carter's; Obe, we hear, goes into the bush when sugar time comes around and doesn't shave again until the season closes.

And when does the season close? That, like the opening, depends upon the state of the weather. It may last as late as the first of May in these latitudes. But the French say there's one infallible sign to mark the finish. It's "over when you hear the first frog."

Mention of the French recalls a visit to another sugar house. Provost's house isn't in the bush, but on a wind-swept hilltop close to his farmhouse. We miss the maple grove—but Provost's provides something else in compensation. There's a small boy at Provost's. The pans get properly scraped of sugar in that shed, you can wager.

Provost himself is no less of a philosopher than Father Aldrich. He tells me, laughingly, of an experiment he made in social economics; he tried charging an admission fee of two bits a head for a sugaring-off party. The net profits of that party were two dollars, for some of the guests forgot their pocketbooks. And the consumption of sugar was simply terrific. The enfant terrible celebrated by Cartoonist Milt Gross must have attended: "Nize baby, et op all de sugar!" One can't charge for

that kind of thing, Provost decided, "and one doesn't make sugar for the money there is in it, anyway."

Our conversation was in English, after my A. E. F. French got away to a slow start. This barred the small boy from our talk all the time we were inside the sugar house; Provost confided that the lad "didn't know a word of English." It seems that another boy of Provost's had started out by talking English, and as a result grew up not knowing how to talk any French at all. That kind of thing wasn't going to happen again; *this* kid would learn French first and *then* take up English.

Good philosophy, it would appear. But there's more to relate; something undreamt of in Provost's philosophy.

TWO landscape painters had made the hike up to Provost's along with me. After a taste of sugar they had slid away to do some sketching while my interview with Provost continued.

When I finally emerged from the sugar house, with the small boy tagging after me, I didn't know where to look for my vanished companions. Summoning up the Doughboy French once more, I appealed to young Provost. With a look of withering scorn he answered. His exact words were as follows:

"One boy he go dere," pointing. "Another boy he go down dere. Okay, Mister?" Okey-dokey!

Another day, at another bush, another small boy was in the offing. This time the name was Kelly. For picturesqueness

Kelly's sugar bush was quite a match for Aldrich's. A colt tethered in the woods and a friendly untethered pup added just the right pictorial touches to the scene. Kelly makes delicious syrup and fine-grained white sugar cakes with the quiet pride of a craftsman.

Among the interesting things he told us was something about other uses of syrup and maple sugar besides the familiar ones of the breakfast table. Tobacco factories are big customers. Certain brands of chewing tobacco long have used maple as a flavor, and one of the best advertised pipe-tobacco corporations buys huge consignments.

More research will create additional markets, is the forecast—once a way to make a really popular maple-sugar confection has been discovered. The cloying sweetness of pure sugar and the hardness and brittleness of sugar cakes after they get dry must be tempered somehow or combined with something else before any maple-candy manufacturer can hope to hit the popular tooth in a big way. Whoever strikes just the right formula will "make a million."

If that happens the sugar bush will be reorganized, modernized, streamlined. Gasoline tractors will replace the horse-drawn sleighs, or the sap will be piped from the trees right into the sugar house. In some places they're doing that sort of thing already. . . . But for my part, it's nicer to remember the sugar bush just as it is today. Sugaring won't be so joyous a festival, I fear, when the woods are all stream-lined.

## The Constitution Among Friends

(Continued from page 13)

executive officers. But what has it to do with the validity of a statute requiring a man to procure a certificate of convenience and necessity from a commission before he is allowed to enter the ice business? Whatever the answer to this last question may be, it is certainly clear that it is not apparent from the words of the Constitution. "Due process of law" is a phrase that is not self-defining and courts have very wisely declined to commit themselves to a definition.

Take another example. Section 8, Article One of the Constitution contains a highly important list of grants of authority to Congress. Among them is the power "To regulate commerce . . . among the several States . . ." No more important clause appears in the Constitution. What does it mean? Take, for example, the question involved in a recent piece of litigation, reported in a recent number of the legal

periodical which prints the decisions of the United States Supreme Court. I cite it, not because it is particularly outstanding or difficult, but as a sample of the type of question which courts meet under the "commerce clause" of the Constitution. The plaintiff was a Delaware corporation which did business in Minnesota. The defendant was a Delaware corporation also, and engaged in transportation on the Great Lakes. Plaintiff had a claim against the transportation company, and while one of the ships of the company was in the harbor at Duluth, plaintiff had the ship seized by the sheriff under a writ of attachment. Was this such a seizure as to be an unreasonable burden upon interstate commerce, and hence forbidden under the Constitution? The court said it was not; but whether the answer should have been yes or no, it cannot be found through inspection of the language used in the Constitu-

tion. The "commerce clause" has been the turning point in hundreds and hundreds of cases which courts have had to decide. The presence of the clause in the Constitution is the occasion by which the question is raised, but the clause gives a court no clue to the answer.

Please don't conclude that it is a weakness of the Constitution, or an adverse criticism of the men who wrote it, to insist that it is not self-expounding and self-applying. The exact contrary is true. Our Constitution provides a framework for a rather complicated governmental system in which there is an involved division of authority and responsibility between state and federal power. Nothing could be more fortunate for the scheme of government thus provided than that it is an outline only, that the framework does allow for play in the joints. Draftsmen of constitutions for many of our States have not been



so wise. Their limitations have been too tightly drawn to adapt themselves to changing conditions; the result is serious inconvenience in state administration, plus the expense and effort involved in revision of the constitution at intervals. It is a convincing demonstration of the farsightedness and sagacity of those who framed our Federal Constitution that they did not clutter up their work with precise rules to cover narrow questions, but were content to set up a clearly outlined general plan, with details to be filled in as the questions arose.

If you can't tell from reading the Constitution the questions which may arise about it, how and by whom are they to be settled? One way might be to have each person or body mentioned in the Constitution decide what his authority is, and to act according to his understanding thereof. Thus, since the executive power is vested in the President, he would decide what is an exercise of executive power. The only remedy, if the nation disagreed, would be his impeachment as provided in the Constitution, or the election of another person to the office when the term expired. So, too, although Congress is forbidden to make any law abridging freedom of speech, that body would have the power to decide whether a particular statute before it did abridge the freedom of speech. If the voters disagreed with Congress, they could, at the next election, choose other representatives pledged to repeal the obnoxious law. Such a scheme of things is entirely possible, and in most cases would probably work out well enough. It could cause some serious clashes between state and federal power in controversies which one might well imagine, if each was left to decide the limits of its own authority. Take this case, for example. Congress has been given power to regulate commerce among the States. But the Constitution does not say that the States have no such power, nor does it attempt to define (again wisely) just what commerce among the several States may be. The New York Central tracks run through the middle of the business district in Syracuse, New York. If a New York statute regulates the speed of trains in cities, that certainly affects interstate commerce as applied to the running time of the Wolverine from New York to Chicago. Is the power of such regulation to be left to New York's decision until Congress acts? And if Congress does act, and forbids the regulation, must the President send the United States Army to prevent New York officials from continuing to enforce the rule?

All such questions are academic in this country. Under our way of handling matters, questions arising under the Constitution are decided by the courts, and have been for a great many years. The Constitution does not, in terms, grant such power to our judges, and a very great deal of printers' ink has been used both in attacking and defending the courts for assuming the power. You can make the argument for (Continued on page 44)

APRIL, 1935

# NEW TIRE IDEA

**KEEPS YOU SAFE—SAVES YOU MONEY**



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"Tire number one is a new two-tread, air-cooled tire. I am passing the rod right through the tread to demonstrate a ventilating hole. Tire number two is an air-cooled tire worn to the second tread. Ventilating channel has become tractive cross groove in second tread. Tire number three is an ordinary tire which ran the same distance as tire number two—but is now unsafe to drive."

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This shortage of anti-skid mileage is not due to poor quality—but to design and new motoring conditions. Hence ordinary tires become smooth, slippery and dangerous to drive when only half worn out.

## DOUBLES SAFE MILEAGE

Under the leadership of the most experienced tire maker in the world, the Seiberling technical staff overcame these difficulties with the development of the patented\* two-tread, air-cooled tire.

This amazing new tire has two treads. When the first tread wears off after long mileage, and at the point where ordinary tires should be discarded—the second tread wears on. A sharp new tread design meets the road—traction and safety are renewed. Thus the danger point in ordinary tires becomes the new safety point in Seiberlings—safe mileage is doubled.

## THICKER TREAD AIR-COOLED • LONGER WEAR

The extra thick tread on this new tire is air-cooled. It actually breathes as it rolls on the road. Through the ventilating holes, air is inhaled—cools the tire—hot air is exhaled.

Since internal heat is the enemy of rubber, this cooled tire wears longer—is safer from blowouts. See your Seiberling dealer today. He will give you an interesting demonstration of this remarkable new tire, which cuts safe mileage costs in half.

\*The Air-Cooled Tire is covered by 8 U. S. Patents



## AIR-COOLED, TWO-TREADS

As the tire revolves the ventilating holes close under the weight of the car, forcing out destructive heat. As the holes open—cool air is drawn in, cooling the tire as it rolls on the road. These holes have another function. As the first tread wears off—they become grooves forming the second anti-skid tread which grips and protects to the final mile.

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**SEIBERLING TWO-TREAD AIR-COOLED TIRES**





# The Constitution Among Friends

(Continued from page 43)

the judicial authority in a few sentences. The source of all governmental power is the people themselves. Certain powers they have granted to the Federal Government to exercise; certain others reserved to the States. It is the function of judges to settle controversies between parties who have brought their dispute to court where legal rights and liabilities are involved. As to what the Constitution means, provides or compels, the judges have the last say. And the last word in that say is the word of the nine who make up the Supreme Court of the United States.

How do these grave-faced gentlemen know what is constitutional and what is not? Well, from the very first, when there were less than nine of them on the Supreme Court, they weren't altogether in the dark. The Constitution was new, but representative government was known to the colonists as were English institutions, social and legal. The members of the court from then until now have been lawyers, for the most part rich in years and experience; for the most part, too, learned and eminent in their profession. Legal technique and legal tra-

dition have been part of their very being. Almost from the first, too, they have had precedent. The court in any one case had the help which the court in a similar case last month, or last year, or ten years ago, had decided. If the problem is very close to that of the former case they will be greatly influenced by what was there decided. If it is indistinguishable, they will probably decide as they did before. If you think this is stuffily lawyerish and hide-bound, make an honest analysis of the way you decide your own problems, and see if you do not do the same thing. Legal precedents, like your own, are not absolutely impassable barriers to new decisions. Courts, including the Supreme Court, go around them, sometimes go directly through them. But the existence of such precedents gives a much greater consistency and certainty to the development of constitutional doctrine than we would have if every question about the Constitution were decided as an original problem.

Finally, in deciding what the Constitution means, there is the judge himself as a human being. For judges are people, even

if they are gray and austere, wear black robes, and don't make political speeches. As with every human being, the kind of a man a judge is will reflect itself in his decisions.

But the inescapable human factor makes it highly important that the lawyers elevated to our Supreme Court be very grand persons indeed. It is a place of high honor and terrific responsibility. Its occupants must be men of learning and experience, of deep human sympathies, of awareness to the changes in our civilization. With all this they must have common sense and balance. Thorough and complete personal integrity is of course assumed.

The justices of our Supreme Court have been, in somewhat varying degrees, this sort of men. I have no doubt that they will continue so to be. Their interpretation and application of the Constitution has been a sound one for the welfare of the nation. Some decisions have been unfortunate. Lawyers disagree among themselves as to what are the unfortunate decisions. Laymen would do the same. But the record is a noble one.

## Spirit of St. Louis

(Continued from page 15)

with portions of Colorado and Wyoming.

In March of 1804 St. Louis was under three flags. American troops under Major Stoddard crossed the Mississippi on March 9th. They paraded to Government House at First and Walnut Streets, a tablet now marking the historic spot. The Spanish Commandant DeLassus was there with the Indian chief, Black Hawk, who regarded the occasion with serious misgivings. Down came the red and yellow flag of Spain and up went the tri-color of France. The people asked that it remain through the night as a tribute to their old country. In the morning the Stars and Stripes floated for the first time in the West.

The winning of this West began rapidly now. In May of that same 1804, by direction of President Jefferson, there started from St. Louis the epochal expedition under Captains Lewis and Clark. This expedition truly took the American flag to the Pacific. More than eight thousand miles were traveled in two years and four months, on foot and up turbulent streams. The Oregon Trail was opened all the way to the Columbia River. In September, 1806, the Lewis and Clark Expedition returned to St. Louis amid great rejoicing. Many St. Louisans, with a sprinkling of Kentuckians, Tennesseans, and a few New Englanders, made up the party. At Broadway and Olive Street an inscription commemorates this achievement.

Now, many Americans followed the trail in river boats and covered wagons. The caravans from east and south met in St. Louis, and outfitted for the further journey. A great migration was on from Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Among the adventurers was Daniel Boone, who later built a homestead in Missouri, about twenty miles from St. Louis.

The fur trade was growing apace. Men went into the wilderness with stores of beads, implements, cloth, and trinkets and brought back the pelts of beaver, fox, muskrat, and deer. Today, one hundred and twenty-five years later, the great fur houses of St. Louis make it the world's leading raw fur market stand on the same localities as in those old days.

In 1809, St. Louis was incorporated as a town. In 1825, the Marquis de Lafayette, having accepted in New York the invitation of a committee, came to visit St. Louis. The people, still predominantly French, roared a welcome. An old soldier named Bellissime who had come with Lafayette from France and served in his army in the American Revolution still lived in the city. He had been shot through the shoulder and left for dead on the field at Yorktown. He presented himself at the reception, and General Lafayette and he fell into each other's arms.

In 1821, Missouri was admitted into the

Union, the famous Missouri Compromise being then arrived at in Congress which prohibited slavery thereafter north of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude. St. Louis was still a gangling river town clinging to the river, but about to expand to new greatness. The gold rush of '48 and '49 brought increased trade. The golden age of the river steamboat, sung by Mark Twain, reached its crest, and the river banks were busy with roustabouts, the river with stately packets. Famine in Ireland and political upheavals in Germany drove many immigrants to St. Louis. In 1854, the first railroad was pushed west. Today St. Louis boasts twenty-seven railroad lines.

The approach of the Civil War found St. Louis and most of Missouri sympathetic to the Southern cause. Missouri had been admitted as a "slave State." However, on some of the important questions of the time she took the Union side. Just before the war the famous Dred Scott case was tried in the Old Court House, still standing at Broadway and Market Street. Dred Scott was a Negro who belonged to an army doctor who lived at Jefferson Barracks, the army post just south of the city. The doctor moved to a free State, and when he came back to Missouri he sold Dred with some other slaves to a Northerner. The slave brought suit and the case was finally taken to the United States Supreme Court,



where Dred lost the decision. But the practice of slavery was becoming increasingly unpopular in Missouri. On January 1, 1861 there was a sale of slaves on the Court House steps on the Broadway side. A crowd of about two thousand men gathered, determined to stop the sale. They would not permit the auctioneer to call for his bids, and finally he was forced to desist. It was the last public auction of slaves in St. Louis—a custom that was graphically described by Winston Churchill in "The Crisis."

When the war broke out, and the governor of Missouri was asked to send troops for the Northern army, he wrote back to the Secretary of War indignantly refusing to do so. The people of the State were torn between the two sides, and much bitterness resulted. In August, General Frémont ordered the whole State under martial law. There was a Federal prison at Eighth and Gratiot Streets that was full of Confederate prisoners, and within a couple of miles of it was Camp Jackson, at the present Grand Boulevard and West Pine Boulevard, packed with Southern sympathizers. It was under the command of General D. M. Frost. A battle was fought here and the camp captured by Federal troops under the command of General Nathaniel Lyon.

Out on the Gravois Road, a few miles from St. Louis' city limits, there had lived for several years a quiet, stocky man who was destined to take a great part in the Civil War. This was General Ulysses S. Grant, who was a graduate of West Point, had married a St. Louis girl, and had settled down to the quiet existence of a farmer and wood-cutter. It seemed as if life had passed him by, until the clouds of the Civil war gathered and he was called back into active service. Everyone knows how rapid his rise was, how he became the commanding general of the Union Forces and was carried by that fame into the White House. Grant's Farm and his cabin are still preserved and may be seen by visitors.

St. Louis is proud of its historical background and the great names of its past—DeSoto, Laclède, Lewis and Clark, Mark Twain, Eugene Field, General Grant, Carl Schurz and others. Their homes and haunts are generally preserved today and those interested can readily find them.

We recommend to those who have an eye to the romantic past, a visit to the levee and river front where the atmosphere is of half a century ago and many of the buildings are a hundred and more years old. The Cathedral at Third and Walnut was finished in 1834 and the old Courthouse in 1840. In this locality also are the starting points of the Oregon and Santa Fe Trails, one of which developed the Northwest and the other the Southwest. Along this route went Missourians under Doniphan to the Mexican War, their ultimate goal the city of Chihuahua; their march the longest in military history of a land expedition from its base.

Along the river (Continued on page 46)



## ROMANCE NEVER THRIVES ON BRISTLES

*you can't get by without shaving*

EVERYONE knows that bristles bar the way to romance—that you can't get by in business or social life without shaving. Yet some men take a chance—risk the respect of others by failing to keep clean shaven.

Today tender skin is no excuse for neglect. The Gillette "Blue Blade" is so perfectly edged—so keen and smooth-finished—that it makes daily or twice-daily shaving entirely comfortable. Sensitive faces welcome the touch of this marvelous blade—ground, honed and stropped with almost incredible accuracy by automatic methods.

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Try this blade. Compare it with the one you now are using. Then, if you don't find the Gillette "Blue Blade" far superior, return the package to your dealer and he cheerfully will refund the entire purchase price.

*Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON*

# GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

**NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢**



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**The ARISTOCRAT**  
—New Gillette  
**One Piece Razor**

The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price \$4 complete in smart leather case with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades."



**A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!**



# Spirit of St. Louis

(Continued from page 45)

will be built the great memorial to Jefferson and National Expansion, a beautifying project sponsored by the Federal Government and now taking definite form.

A visit should be made to the headquarters of the Missouri Historical Society in the present Jefferson Memorial Building in Forest Park, where many valuable national documents and relics are preserved. Also to Shaw's Garden which is recognized as second only to the Kew Botanical Gardens in London.

Those whose interest tends more towards the modern ways of business can study here a varied assortment of industries not surpassed by any city in the world. There are more than three thousand factories in the city representative of hundreds of lines of manufactured articles. St. Louis is the largest market in the world for hardware, wooden-ware, furnaces, stoves and ranges, horses and mules, hardwood and pine, raw furs and shoes. It is also a leading market for wool, lumber, drugs, hats, baggage, chemicals, millinery, carpets, saddlery and beer. In East St. Louis are many large steel mills and the stockyards.

We have a great airport here. You may

recall that a certain air mail pilot named Charles A. Lindbergh once made his headquarters here. Incidentally, you must see the Lindbergh collection of trophies in the Jefferson Memorial.

Our Municipal Auditorium, just completed, where you will meet in convention, cost \$7,000,000 and is the last word in such civic centers.

The river itself, right at our doors, will furnish other means of entertainment, excursions on the large and palatial stern-wheelers, and various aquatic events.

Our parks and Zoo are famous, the latter being rated the second largest and most complete in the country. It boasts rare animals and reptiles not found in captivity elsewhere.

We have, as of course you know, two big league ball clubs, one of which has a habit of winning pennants. Perhaps you can stay over a few days next autumn and see the Cardinals in action.

For those athletically inclined, we have a dozen or more first-class country clubs with golf, tennis and fine swimming-pools. The Meramec River, only a few miles away in the foothills of the Ozarks, is a great place for swimmers and canoeists.

We have an Art Museum that is considered one of the finest in the country, supported by a large public fund. Our libraries and universities are of the best. St. Louis is now recognized as a great medical center and has many modern hospitals; more than its share of first rate hotels and eating places the renown of whose cuisine is widespread; plenty of night clubs and theaters. You will be here when everything is at its height and you'll keep busy.

Our early autumn climate cannot be surpassed. The days in September are still warm enough for all outdoor amusements and the evenings chilly enough to make indoor events inviting.

Plan to see something of our State when you are here. If you drive you will find good roads in every direction. Try to find a day or two to go south and southwest where our rivers and the Ozarks meet, or north along the Mississippi or west along the Missouri.

As I said at the outset our proudest boast is our hospitality. We will leave nothing undone to make you feel welcome and to make the Convention of 1935 as memorable as that historic caucus of 1919.

## The Navy's In High

(Continued from page 11)

the ships, making them ready for sea. All our yards from coast to coast—fifty-fifty of government to private—are speeding on high, giving employment to thousands of men.

I am not going to describe the work in all the yards or the building of each of the seventy-two ships on the program. The story of one yard tells all.

And that is of the old Brooklyn Navy Yard. It was old when grandfather was born. If the old red brick buildings—neighbors to upstart modern buildings and facing streets of weathered dark granite cobbles—had voice they would give vivid life to the history of our Navy.

You have a glimpse of a new destroyer on the ways greased for launching and christening, a nearly finished product; then of a ten-thousand-ton cruiser resting in the soupy water of New York Bay, a finished product; then of a keel that has just been laid and of piles of material accumulating before a keel is laid.

Signs warn you to "look out for the locomotive." The yard has its own railroad system to bring the building material alongside the keel bed. You note the burdens that the trucks carry: a five-inch gun ready to be set in its turret home; the heaviest, most "hardboiled" creation of the steel mills—a section of armor—to protect the ship's vitals from shell-fire; then

the lightest of aluminum for fittings on a bit of superstructure so as to save weight for armor and guns; then two shining solid brass propellers which are one day to drive a bouncing destroyer at thirty-five knots.

But this is getting ahead of the story. Let us turn to the beginning, or rather the second stage of the birth and growth of a navy ship. We ascend to a vast loft big enough for four or five tennis courts, or the half of a football gridiron, above a machine shop which is as quiet as a scholar's study.

Here, laid on the pine floor, as level as a billiard table, are the blueprints and templets. The men squatting over them are as intent as grandmother on a picture puzzle. Even blueprints, done to a hairsbreadth of accuracy, are not the very beginning. They are the skilled draftsmen's transcripts of the designs of the construction experts who must make the most of battle-power for tonnage in the last word of improvements.

The templets are pine strips, sawed and planed to the same breadth as steel shapes and plates, or they are heavy flat cardboard, to which the blue print outlines are transferred. Upon them are marked in small, round circles, at the right spaces apart, the places where the rivets are to go. Then the man at the drill must make each puncture in the templet in the dead center of each penciled circle. No eye, no hand may fail from first to last in the build-

ing if there is to be accuracy at the finish.

The templets are lowered from the loft where you may hear a whisper into the machine shop where, in the din of hell's own static on the loose, you must shout into the ear of the man at your elbow in order to be heard, and signs warn you not to allow your eyes to rest on the searing brightness of spots of light which are welding parts together.

Here you see in action the purpose of the templets which are laid on steel shapes and plates much as dress-makers lay their patterns on the cloth they cut to the form desired for a garment. The holes of the templets are exactly marked on the steel. Then the drills bore the holes in the steel on dead center. This might be said to be the dress-makers' basting.

Then the riveters do the sewing by heading the rivets into the holes and thus joining the plates. But more and more the sputter of the welders' pencils, so hot from the electric current they melt steel, is taking the place of the nerve-tearing staccato of riveters in making separate pieces of steel into a solid whole.

The machines in the shop, in their automatically demonstrated sense of power, treat steel with something of the lordly contempt with which a petty officer may treat a recruit gob. They treat steel as if it were wood, rubber, even putty.



One is planing the long edge of a plate in paper-thin shavings; another is peeling the dark surface of a turbine shaft as it came from the mill, leaving the bright, cold, hard surface which is peculiar to steel.

But what gets you—what seems incredible—and holds your eye in a spell of wonder at it—is that there is a drill which is hard enough to bore holes into armor plate, which also must be riveted, and owing to its great weight, must be very securely riveted.

You follow the forms made in the machine shop out on the trucks to the bed where the keel of a ten-thousand-ton cruiser has just been laid. Here the piles of parts seem to have been thrown together at random with no relation to one another; but each has its place as distinctly in the boss constructor's mind as the parts of a watch which a jeweler has laid out on his table.

No keel is laid until large stacks of material are ready, so as to keep all hands occupied and not to waste time. Building warships is a slow and arduous business. Every day, every hour must be made to count if this cruiser is to be ready for team-play with the fleet within three years from the time the blue prints are drawn.

The steel sides rise; the shell is formed. Then the great turbine shaft is set in its solid bed, the engine and all the bowels are put in, the huge propellers attached. One day she has decks; her superstructure rises; the turrets are fitted to the deck; the guns are in the turrets: and the anti-aircraft guns point skyward. The naval arsenal is at top-speed to meet the demand for guns, working three shifts as are some of the machines in the shop.

Then, one day a woman breaks a bottle over her bow; she has a name; she slides down the ways; she is in her element of future service, the salt water.

There is no State in the Union which has not supplied some material that goes into her building. An infinitesimal amount comes from abroad—for example, rubber, tin, manganese alloy in the steel and perhaps teak for her decks. American labor gets the wages; American production gets the bank checks.

But the workmen do not all leave the ship after she is in the water. The sound of the riveter, the welder and the hammer are still heard aboard her. At length the builders see the product of their labors complete; they have blown the breath of life into her from her engines to the push buttons, at the ends of her complicated wiring system, which set the screws turning or fire the guns.

One day the workmen retire. The family take possession of their new house. Her crew goes on board. "Set the watch!" She has joined the sisterhood of ships in being. Now her captain and her crew are responsible for ten million dollars' worth of government property and for a new warrior with the latest weapons and guns, which could be replaced only by the long process I have pictured.

(Continued on page 48)

#### FRANK McHUGH

Won long-term Warner Brothers contract after first picture in 1923. Now playing in "Gold Diggers of 1935." Has smoked Union Leader since 1932.

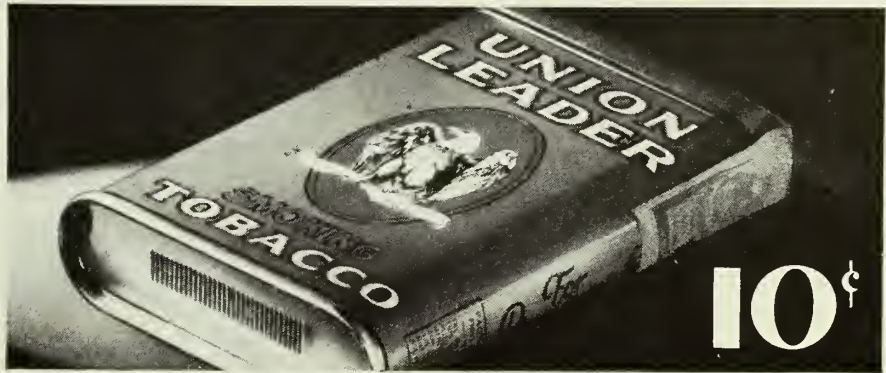


"If you're matching tobacco dimes I'll bet on this one!"

THOSE fancy tobacco mixtures don't get a tumble out of me since I discovered Union Leader. And it isn't the dime-a-tin price that pleases me *most*. It's the extra pipe-pleasure I get out of this grand, *old*, mellow Kentucky Burley. It's smooth as old sherry. Believe me. There's a tobacco education in this 10¢ tin. (Fine in cigarettes, too.)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

# UNION LEADER



## THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



# *The Navy's In High*

*(Continued from page 47)*

She is a member of the sisterhood, but not yet ready for their captious and experienced company. She is just in the recruit stage. She must have further tests; she has yet to be tuned before she can be orchestrated with the whole. There must be trial runs under the critical eyes of a board of inspection and survey.

She may be of the same pattern as other ships of her class and yet have ways and a temperament of her own. Her response in turning circles must be known to a nicety if she is to maneuver in the close formation of the skilled fleet practice of the sisterhood. Her crew must be shaken down so each will know his part in the intricate teamwork between man and machine.

Finally, one day the new cruiser appears in the regular line-up ready for her part with the battleships, planes, destroyers,

submarines and aircraft carriers in the homogeneous whole of the fleet which the new program provides for.

To complete that program we have to bring our Navy up to treaty strength, keeping the bargain which we made with ourselves and other naval powers. This includes enough personnel. One man may do two men's work in the same place, but no man can be in two places at once. All goes back to the man behind the gun today as in the past.

An increase at Annapolis provides for more officers. We need more enlisted men. When the naval family is so popular and in such high fettle there is no lack of recruits. The average enlisted man has had two years of high school, and he finds he must be more and more of a scholar as his job becomes more scientific.

Hopefully that cruiser which can speed so fast for long distances will end its days without having to fire a shot in anger; that no ship, no plane of our fleet will ever see battle.

For all that we desire is to protect our own and if Japan would only protect her own and not build for world empire, there would be no danger of war. Our zones will not cross. It is well not to fool ourselves or fool others by appearing supine, well for all the world to know that we shall never arm as a threat, but that those who thought America was broke and would allow her Navy to go into decay are mistaken.

With every ship we build we learn some lesson. One is that the new rustless steel is not proof against a combination of gasoline and salt water and that barnacles exude an acid that will eat into it.

## *Not This or This but This*

*(Continued from page 3)*

farmed the land for their food while they were building the mill dams along the streams that would eventually furnish power for their first manufacturing ventures. These early settlers had never heard of the balance between agriculture and industry, nor had they heard about subsistence homesteads. They did want security in this new land, and they got it by tilling the soil and by manufacturing consumer goods when there was no work in the fields.

Perhaps somebody thought about this old-time pattern of life when the first subsistence homestead plan was hatched. Perhaps somebody even discovered that subsistence homesteading was only part-time farming with a fancy name. There is some evidence of this knowledge in the early reports of governmental agencies interested in the movement; but nothing was done about it, in the very cradle of part-time farming, New England, until the survey was started in Connecticut during the summer of 1934.

The Federal Emergency Relief Administration finally embraced the homestead idea as a relief measure and the Connecticut Relief Administration established a Rural Rehabilitation Division to investigate rural relief problems and to set up a real subsistence homestead project where it would have the best chance of success.

The activities of this little department will be of interest to any group of Americans who believe that part-time farming or subsistence homesteading offers a solution to their problem. There is no reason why any group of veterans should not set up a similar project that will be approved and financed through FERA. Disabled veterans should be especially interested because

they already have a small cash income from their compensation and because life in the open is probably the healthiest kind of life.

The Connecticut Plan has been approved by some of the leading economists and engineers in New England. The layout is not a model, but it can be enlarged or modified to suit local requirements. Any plan of this sort must be tailor-made—it must fit local conditions.

The Connecticut State College had started a farm survey that uncovered the fact that about fifty percent of all Connecticut farms were operated on a part-time basis. Our farmers were, in half of the cases checked, operating along the old lines. Any urban dweller could see subsistence farming actually in operation just outside of town. Why not develop and encourage this sort of thing?

An area was selected that seemed to present about every problem that any community might have to deal with. There was both active and depressed industry in the area. There was available farmland nearby. One town in the area had an actual housing shortage. Transportation facilities were good and live towns were within easy distance of the farmland. But there were stranded populations in the heavy industry area that seemed to be the hangover from boom days.

But what about the people who were already on the land and who were not making a go of it? What about the rural relief cases who, even with The Good Earth under them, could not make a decent living? How could that problem be handled?

Connecticut turned that problem over to a practical farmer who went out into the

country and checked up on rural relief cases. He recommended better methods of planting, cultivation and harvesting. If tools or seed and fertilizer were needed, he had to see that they were provided. If a self-cocking mortgage, held by a local Shyllock, was eating up all a family could earn, his job was to assist them in getting refinanced through a Federal Land Bank. The rural destitute are being rehabilitated and led back toward the road to security and self-respect.

Farms bordering the industrial communities were checked to determine soil types, fertility, crop history and general characteristics. The industry was surveyed to determine just what chances our part-time farmers would have of securing part-time employment. Educational, recreational, health and communication facilities were investigated. Social service case workers checked relief rolls to determine the relief load.

Statistics were tabulated and maps were drawn. The Plan took form. Chambers of Commerce were asked to co-operate. Many industrialists offered to take a poll of employees to determine just what the reaction would be to the idea. Rural communities were sounded out to see what they might think about having new people come to their town. The entire plan was drawn up with an attention to detail that promised to eliminate all guesswork.

The final step was the procurement of land. A check of farm data at hand showed where the best land was located, a drive through the country and a glance at the maps showed distances and details such as drainage and timber available. The actual securing of land options was inter-



esting and required some trading ability. When the government agents arrived we had the complete picture ready for them.

During the latter stages of such a survey attention has to be given to the public attitude toward the plan. Public support is an essential part of any effort to change the mode of living of people. Public support can often be secured through the press. The press usually furnished perfect co-operation.

The response in the entire area has been thoroughly satisfactory and promises well for the future success of the project.

Actual presentation of the Connecticut Plan came at a conference with the Governor, the FERA Administrator, well-known economists and engineers. Every recommendation has been approved and actual construction will start soon.

For the guidance of any veterans who plan to work out a subsistence homestead or a rural-industrial project, the following is offered for what it may be worth:

Select your area carefully.

Neglect no detail in the organization of the research and planning end of the project. Keep your outfit mobile.

Approach your problem from an entirely practical angle and avoid any emotional appeal.

Engage your investigators and interviewers with regard for their practical accomplishments and qualifications.

Have frequent staff meetings and discuss all problems there.

Be sure to provide part-time employment for your clients. Cash is needed for taxes, clothing, interest and amortization.

Check over available lands quietly and avoid brokers.

Remember that the creation of any farm surplus will ruin your entire plan. Insist on farming for subsistence only.

When ready to buy options, *move fast!*

Check school facilities carefully.

Encourage rural rehabilitation.

Avoid all high-tax areas. A project in the proper area will actually lower taxes, provided the selection of land has been conducted with due regard for existing facilities.

Solicit the co-operation of every individual and industry that will be affected by the project.

DO NOT CREATE RURAL SLUMS.

AVOID POLITICAL ENTANGLEMENTS.

KEEP OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT.


DO NOT TRY TO REGULATE YOUR CLIENT'S HABITS.

GIVE THEM ROOM.

An entire chapter could be written about the selection of personnel. Extreme care should be used in selecting only those families that have a real love for the land.

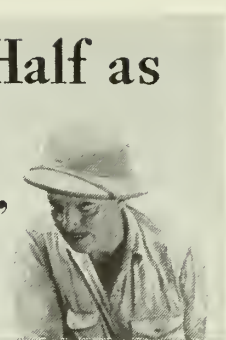
Try it out, comrades! Get your people together and line them up for the long pull toward real security and comfort! Five acres of good land will do; ten acres is luxury. Washington will furnish you plans for the finest little cottages you ever saw.

Remember, you'll never lick a fellow with a full potato bin and a little side-meat salted down.



# "A Black Panther Isn't Half as Treacherous as a Blow-out!"

*says*  
FRANK (Bring 'em Back Alive) BUCK





## New kind of tire protects you from dangerous, high-speed blow-outs

"I'D RATHER try to 'bring back alive' a roaring lion than bring myself safely through another blow-out accident," says FRANK BUCK. "When that tire blew out—when my car plunged off the road at those rocks—there was nothing I could do to avoid the crash. When I take my family or friends out for a ride I want to be sure to 'bring 'em back alive.' So now I'm playing safe by riding on Goodrich Silvertowns."

When a man like Frank Buck says a blow-out is more dangerous than captur-

ing wild animals, don't you want to do all you can to avoid having one yourself? Can you afford to risk your life with these high-speed blow-outs, when Goodrich Safety Silvertowns cost no more than other standard tires? Get a set of Silvertowns now. You'll get real blow-out protection and months of extra mileage FREE.

### How blow-outs happen

When you drive forty, fifty, sixty miles an hour, terrific heat is generated *inside* the tire. This heat causes rubber and fabric to separate—causes blisters to form—blisters that grow bigger and bigger until suddenly BANG! Your tire blows out. You can't steer. Anything might happen.

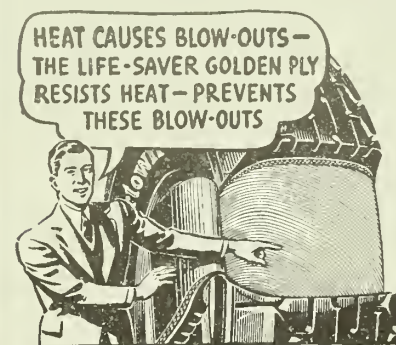
But in Silvertowns the rubber and fabric don't separate, for the Golden Ply invention resists internal heat. Blisters don't form. And these high-speed blow-outs are prevented before they get started.

### More miles... safer miles!

Ask your Goodrich dealer to show you these new Silvertowns. Press your hand on the deep-grooved tread. Feel the big, husky Silvertown cleats grip. Then you'll know why they also give you maximum protection against dangerous, "tail-spin" skids. Notice the ruggedness of this extra-thick Silvertown tread that gives months of extra mileage—at no extra cost.

Don't drive around on dynamite—put Golden Ply Silvertowns on all four wheels. They cost no more than other standard tires.

Copyright, 1935, The B. F. Goodrich Co.



A BIG NEW RADIO SHOW!

Circus Night  
in Silvertown

starring **JOE COOK** with  
**B. A. ROLFE** and other headliners

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT N.B.C. BLUE NETWORK

The **Goodrich Safety Silvertown** WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY



# Away From Pain

(Continued from page 16)

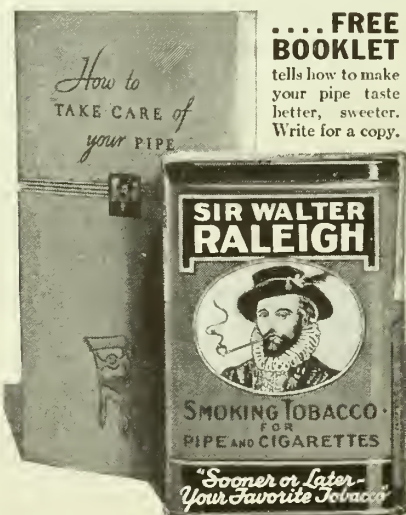
"LET 'IM DROP  
BOYS, IT'S A  
FALSE ALARM!"



**R**IGHT, men. No innocent little blaze could produce fumes as overpowering as that stewy pipe and villainous tobacco.

Some men are like that: they smoke too-strong tobacco in a never-cleaned pipe until they haven't a friend left. Fortunately, the number of Sir Walter Raleigh fans grows by the hour: men who keep their briars tidy; men who prefer this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys that is calm on the tongue, tempting to the nose. There's a tin kept fresh for you in heavy gold foil at your dealer's. Try it—and Sir Walter will have another friend!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. A-54



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

with iodine and marking them duty. Hastily, apparently roughly, dressings had to be made. Iodine in an open cut is painful, but often it had to be slopped on. Bleeding had to be stopped, and a tourniquet can be very painful, all by itself. Bandages had to be wrought, and a hastily applied bandage can be very uncomfortable. The wounded man, getting first aid might suffer pain that would be considered impossibly severe in civil life.

**B**ACK in the hospitals, conditions still were not ideal. A hard battle brought the ambulances by the score. The first-aid posts and regimental dressing stations bulged with wounded, the ambulances paraded ceaselessly to the field and evacuation hospitals, but the evacuation hospitals, where the first important relief could be available, were so crowded as to compel the surgeons to pick and choose according to the seriousness of a wounded man's condition. The surgeons and nurses and orderlies carried on without food or sleep, day or night, but thousands had to wait during terrible hours for the relief of anaesthesia and the necessary readjustments of torn muscles and broken bones.

When the war started it took about an hour to clear a surgical case from an evacuation hospital—if the case required immediate attention. A surgical team, consisting ideally of a surgeon, an anaesthetist, two nurses and two orderlies, would spend twenty minutes preparing the patient, perhaps that much administering the anaesthetic, and probably that much more during the operation.

Fortunately, toward the end of the war, somebody hit on the device of having three patients in one operating room at the same time, undergoing treatment by the same team. As one patient was being operated on, another was being anaesthetized and a third was being washed and otherwise prepared. This enabled the clearing of three cases in the time formerly required for one. This sort of efficiency grew until it was not unusual for a team to handle eight or nine cases in an hour.

But ether remained a difficult thing, all by itself. Anybody who undergoes an operation suffers from some degree of shock; a wounded man was shocked before the operation. His blood pressure would be down. He had acquired symptoms that would be serious even if unaccompanied by wounds. And the reactions of ether are not invariably predictable. Moreover, many patients had been wounded in their respiratory organs—the inhalation of ether became a double jeopardy to them, and often a total impossibility.

So, even before the war had ended, experiments had been made, with more or less success, in other forms of anaesthesia. Spinal analgesia—the method of with-

drawing the spinal fluid by a lumbar puncture, mixing it with the analgesic agent and returning it, was unsatisfactory; it tended to aggravate the decline of blood pressure, among other things. So somebody conceived the idea of an oral anaesthesia—something to be swallowed.

But the oral anaesthesia of the war was crude. It was a foul mess, as a rule, of such combinations as ether and olive oil.

So it is safe to say that it was not until after the war that men discovered the anaesthetics which will make the next war easier on the wounded.

Today, there are palatable oral anaesthetics. There's avertin, the rectal anaesthetic, which is administered like an enema. There are new anaesthetics for inhalation. Many improvements have been made. But until very recently—until June 1933, to be exact—anaesthetics for war, even for patients who could afford to wait for them in base hospitals, were characterized by dangers all their own. For one thing, patients require much preparation, or the anaesthetic may become more than usually painful. The bowels must be empty, for instance. Naturally, a wounded soldier, requiring immediate surgery, cannot be prepared, internally, for anaesthesia.

The reason why anaesthetics act strangely is this: Most of them are close kin to the Demon Rum. Chemically, they are blood brothers of the common or bathtub variety of alcohol. And the effects of alcohol, when taken to the point of unconsciousness, are . . . well, let's not go into that. Let us only remark that the effects of ether are about the same.

**F**IRST, there's a sense of exhilaration—brief with ether, imperceptible with most anaesthetics. Passing from this stage, the singing or cop-bopping stage, the patient loses consciousness. Ultimately, and if he hasn't been overdosed, he wakes up and maybe wishes he hadn't. Anyway, he has the symptoms of the souse; his mouth tastes as if he had just swallowed a rat's nest, and the nest of a not-very-fastidious rat at that. Also he probably will have that sense of impending disaster.

These, however, are the symptoms of today. Tomorrow they will disappear. I make this prediction because I happen to be familiar with experiments conducted recently by Dr. Walter V. MacGilvra, who, like Dr. Morton, is a dentist. Dr. MacGilvra lives in Worcester, Massachusetts, and practices there as an exodontist, he is anaesthetician at the Memorial Hospital in Worcester, and he lectures on anaesthesia at the Harvard Dental School.

In July, 1933, when associated with Dr. Alfred Ellison of South Bend, Indiana, then resident surgeon at Memorial Hospital in Worcester, Dr. MacGilvra found a patient dying under avertin, which is



one of the most reliable anaesthetics in use. Desperate measures were required. It was recalled that Miss Pearl L. Moorman of Joplin, Missouri, once had discovered that the introduction of minute quantities of aqueous hydrochloric acid into the blood stream of animals tended to reverse the process of anaesthesia. So a minute quantity of hydrochloric acid was injected into the dying patient. Immediately, there was a striking improvement in respiration. In little more than half an hour the patient was conscious; today, entirely well.

Realizing that the discovery deserved a name, Dr. MacGilvra sought assistance. Charles B. Gulick, Eliot professor of Greek literature at Harvard, suggested "palinaesthesia." The name probably will stick. It means "consciousness again," or "consciousness restored," in ancient Greek, and is a good antonym as well as antidote for "anaesthesia," which was the invention of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and which means "no consciousness."

And palinaesthesia definitely is a very valuable thing. Research proves not only that it will offset the dangers of different forms of ether, but does so completely, often even to clearing the breath of that sickly sweet smell which inhalation leaves. He is certain that palinaesthesia will bring anaesthesia close to the firing line. Research already made, I firmly believe, also justifies these further prophecies:

In the next war, if a man is wounded, anaesthesia will be brought to him virtually in the front line. Suppose a private is wounded by a shell. The bleeding must be stopped. The wound must be dressed, and immediately. In the World War, the dressing might be almost fatally painful, might jeopardize sanity. But this man goes to a frontline dressing station. There he is given ether of one kind or another—perhaps by inhalation, more probably by swallowing. The dressing is applied. There is not long preparation for the anaesthetic. Speed being desirable during war, the period required for anaesthesia will be brief; modern research has seen to that. And as soon as the dressing is finished, perhaps with minor surgery accompanying it, the man gets a shot in the arm—hydrochloric acid or some other palinaesthetic. Presto! He comes back to consciousness.

Dr. MacGilvra has administered palinaesthesia to more than half a dozen human patients. It has proved its worth. Soon, I have no doubt, palinaesthesia will be the afterdose of every anaesthetic. Moreover, palinaesthesia works in such a way as to be a probable aid in cases of asphyxiation and drowning.

So the next war (again saying, God forbid!) probably will be merciful to the wounded beyond any previous progress since ether was used in the Civil War. Of course war isn't going to be made painless, however. It's going to be perfectly rotten. No anaesthetic will be perfect. Nor will palinaesthesia be perfect. But we may be sure of this: Human suffering is on the decline. In war or out, the terror of pain is being alleviated.

APRIL, 1935



**SHE:** "This party is even better than your last one, Jack!"

**HE:** "Perhaps that's because I've found a better whiskey—  
Shipping Port!"

**C**OMPARE Shipping Port with any other whiskey at anywhere near its price—and you, too, will discover it's better! Because it's so velvet-smooth and mellow—a whiskey made by the costly old-fash-

ioned method . . . and bottled straight from the barrel.

If you prefer a Rye, ask for  
**WOLF CREEK**

a fine straight Rye Whiskey at an exceptionally low price.

# SHIPPING PORT

**100% STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY**

**THE BEST STRAIGHT WHISKEY  
... AT SO LOW A PRICE!**





# Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 23)

right of anybody to say what he thinks in time of peace.

But to get back to the book in question. This friend of Secretary Baker's wrote a book ridiculing our motives for the war. I thought it my duty to give official disapproval of the work, and so I reported to the booksellers' organizations. Whether they actually ever burned a copy or not I don't know. I certainly never did and never advocated the burning of one. But the newspapers published the story that I had burned a book written by a friend of the Secretary of War.

SECRETARY BAKER was in Europe at the time on his second visit. But the joke was forwarded to him. Soon after his return he sent for me and with his unfailing graciousness asked me what had really happened. When I explained it to him he laughed and said that since the war was plainly nearly at an end he thought that the censorship should be eased up. I had with me a proposal to the same effect and the incident was pleasantly closed.

In the meanwhile there were all sorts of problems. There was the question of German atrocities. We had been fed up on stories of Hunnish villainy. For instance, on the invasion of Belgium the Death's Head Uhlans had cut off the hands of all the children and the breasts of all the women they met. Unfortunately for the inventors of that canard, there was a German in Chicago who offered ten thousand dollars for proof of one instance in which one German cut off the hands of one child. There were no takers.

One day there was submitted to us a postal card found on a returning American soldier claiming to be a photograph of a dead child with its hands cut off by a German. I had been an art editor in my day and knew what could be done to a photograph with a little retouching. A first glance showed that the postcard was simply a reproduction of a sleeping child whose hands had been painted out. Thousands of these postcards were to be distributed on the theory that they would increase the hatred of Germany and keep the war-spirit hot. But I felt that it was bad business to keep alleging atrocities that could not be proved. It tended to make people disbelieve everything alleged against the Germans. That \$10,000 offer in Chicago was too glaring a warning. So I ordered the post card suppressed and forbade its reproduction.

Of quite another sort was another problem. Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies Home Journal*, had visited London and been horribly shocked by the ancient night life of Piccadilly with women openly soliciting men, especially soldiers. He issued an interview warning the English that Americans were not accustomed to having their soldiers solicited on the

streets and that if London were not promptly cleaned up there would be a storm of indignation in America and transports would be forbidden to land in English ports.

The English were infuriated and the Americans in London were sickened. They knew what went on about the military camps at home and on the streets of American towns. Some of them knew that the streets of Bok's own Philadelphia had been so packed with such women that Secretary Daniels had threatened to take the city over as a naval reservation and police it himself. Americans in London cabled us to prevent Bok's interview from appearing in American newspapers. It was understood that he had sent a copy of his talk to his father-in-law and employer, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who in addition to his magazines also published a daily paper.

The news reached us on a Sunday and created a stir. I happened to know Karl Harriman, who had succeeded Bok as editor of the *Ladies Home Journal* and I knew that he lived somewhere outside of Philadelphia. The telephone people were asked to look him up. He was soon on the wire and in answer to my plea promised to go at once to Mr. Curtis and request him not to mention the London sensation. He kept it out of his papers, other papers were persuaded not to mention it, and the incident passed without a ripple in this country.

One little bit of scandal occurs to me. It was our custom when we wished to get information from abroad to send our questions up through the Channel. I have forgotten just what it was we wanted to learn but, as usual, we phrased the matter so that it had merely to be authorized to go through. Unfortunately, I, or somebody, blundered into using a phrase something like this: "The Chief of Staff requests General Pershing to ascertain" etc.

General March sent this back, after writing in a huge black pencil scrawl something to this effect:

"I do not request Pershing, I direct him. Never make this mistake again. March."

It took us at least a day to get over our shivering and re-word the memorandum.

CENSORSHIP had an unexpected value in a serious situation affecting Liberty Bonds, which our citizens were making immense sacrifices to buy. Unscrupulous promoters began to flood the market with worthless securities, wildcat oil stocks and the like. They promised immense returns, of course, as always, but expressed a generous willingness to exchange these immensely profitable stocks guaranteeing 100 percent at least for Liberty Bonds paying a paltry four percent a year. Thousands of simple-minded souls were being duped out of their savings but there seemed to be no

way of protecting them until our censorship power over the mails was invoked.

The variety of our activities is brought back to mind by reading an old summary of a few cases in the Record Section files. Some of these follow:

The French Howitzer leak (photo censorship). One Sunday morning in October, prominent officers were startled to see detailed photographs of the new French howitzers in the pictorial supplement of the *New York Times*. This was regarded as one of the most important and carefully guarded secrets of the war. The leak had occurred, but how? On Monday morning Major Hughes called his officers together to trace the matter to its source; to use the major's own words "an officer blushing arose from the group and confessed that he had passed the photographs in question not knowing their confidential nature."

The Tank leak (photo censorship). Again the military authorities were astonished to see photographs of the new type of tanks appear in the pictorial supplement of the *New York Times*. A letter was written to the publishers to find out why they had violated their obligations to guard such matters carefully. The paper replied by returning the original photographs marked with the censorship stamp of the M. I. D. Again an officer had inadvertently erred and a great secret had been divulged.

AMERICAN soldiers marrying French girls wholesale (press censorship). During October dispatches were received from France stating that at least 25,000 American soldiers had married, or were about to marry, French girls. Many newspapers commented on this matter in editorials, for the most part favorably. A number of organizations of women and individual women wrote to M. I. D. protesting against these wholesale marriages of our boys in France. It is believed that the whole matter savored of the German propaganda, got up to create an unfriendly feeling against France in the United States. Major Hughes replied diplomatically to the different groups of women and the incident was soon forgotten.

With great wisdom and foresight Majors Kinsley and Hughes had installed a wireless station at Houlton Me., which was securing many valuable messages from European points. It was so successful that the attention of the Navy Department was attracted to it. A protest was made which resulted in the discontinuance of the activities at Houlton.

Rounding up of film thieves at Port of Debarkation (photo censorship). . . . Some important films were stolen and an effort made to smuggle them abroad, but they were recovered on a vessel at the port of embarkation.

Nikolai Lenin's book. (Capt. Malone.) Major Geary wrote from Philadelphia that Nikolai Lenin, the notorious Bolshevik leader, was the author of a book which was on general sale in Philadelphia bookstores. It bore the title of "Soviets at



Work." It was read by the book censorship section of M. I. 10, and demanded general suppression. Captain Malone acted with the Post Office Department and the Department of Justice in arranging that it be barred from the mails and from circulation in camps.

The — Music Publishing Co., New York, during the summer months brought out a song entitled "After the War is Over Will There Be Any Home Sweet Home?" Complaints were made against this song, especially the picture which appeared on the cover showing a bereaved mother and children seated beside an open grate, and also the picture of a battlefield with a soldier lying dead among a number of guns and cannon. Joe Morris' patriotism was appealed to, and as a result he promptly changed the words to others of a more inspiring and cheerful nature, but the tune remained the same. After the armistice was signed he requested permission to sell the song in its original form, which was granted.

The — film studio was reported to M. I. D. as having pro-German connections. The apparent head of the studio was Mrs. — who, despite her harmless name, was a native born German woman. This studio received an important commission to photograph the Browning machine gun in all its parts and operations. A young major was sent from Washington to inspect these pictures. After the films were taken a reel consisting of 4,000 feet was mysteriously lost on a wagon en route from the — studio to another studio in New York City, and was never found. It was reported that the young major did not take his duties seriously and that he had fallen under the spell of the attractive German business woman.

Mention has been made of the radio station we set up at Houlton, Maine. A curious thing happened on a holiday, Columbus Day, October 12, 1918. President Wilson had gone to New York to speak at a public banquet. The Military and Naval Intelligence offices were closed. Only a few were in our office, only one at the Navy Intelligence.

Pressure of work brought me down to my desk. A telephone message came from a lone officer at the Naval Intelligence. A strange radio message had come through the ether purporting to be from somebody in Germany and signed by the unfamiliar name of Solf. He was the state secretary of the German Foreign Office and he called across the world to President Wilson a willingness to accept the terms proposed long ago by Wilson.

I rushed with this message to General Churchill, who was also at his desk. What to do? How to get this secretly to President Wilson? After much debate General Churchill called Delmonico's restaurant in New York on the telephone and had Wilson's secretary, Tumulty, called. Taking all precautions against being overheard, General Churchill repeated Solf's radio message and Tumulty conveyed it to Wilson.

The next morning I went very early to the Naval Intelligence office myself in the hope of picking (Continued on page 54)

SO LITTLE... SO LOVABLE



and so dependent on you

WHAT excitement there was when she got her first tooth. And her second! And now there are seven. Already she is making brave attempts to say a word or two.

Much of your life is given over to keeping her well and happy. For she is so little and lovable — and so dependent on you.

During the day and through the darkness of night you have a feeling of safety and security because of the telephone. It is an ever-watchful guardian of your home — ready to serve you in the ordinary affairs of life and in time of emergency.

In office and store and factory and on the farm the telephone is an equally important part of every activity.

The telephone would not be what it is today if it were not for the nation-wide Bell System. Its unified plan of operation has developed telephone service to its present high efficiency and brought it within reach of people everywhere.

*An extension telephone in your bedroom, sun room, kitchen or nursery will save you many steps each day. It insures greater safety, privacy and convenience, yet the monthly charge is small.*



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

**2 DOG WORM CAPSULES 1**

*Now Combined in 1*

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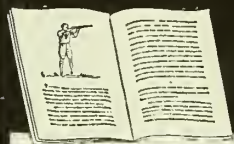
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# Memories of M. I. D.

(Continued from page 53)

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K. Anderson writes: "I earned \$90 clear one day. Most of my business comes through store-cards, folders and voluntary repeat orders." W. Miller writes: "I have already done 25 jobs and have interested nearly 100 prospectors." W. Benson states: "My first day, I took in \$104.00—had \$88.00 NET profit." E. N. Hargrave writes: "We get new customers through folders, store-cards, our 12 canvassers, etc.—our steady and frequent repeat orders are building our business." Our initial profit is \$4 to \$7 per hour. Join this nation-wide chain of franchise-owners. As little as \$27 puts you in OWN business—pay balance from profits. We furnish electric machines, circulars, store-cards, demonstrators and enough materials to return TOTAL investment with large profits. Write TODAY while territory you want is open.

HOME SERVICE CO., 194 Dr., Racine, Wis.

up another plum. The sheepish officers informed me that I had already raised enough hell and Secretary Daniels was roaring like a lion over having such a scoop picked out of the Navy's hands by the Army. Henceforth we were to get no more tips.

The moment the war was definitely over, I proposed the complete abolition of all forms of censorship, and there was, of course, no objection. But there were long delays over the peace negotiations. President Wilson went to Europe and took a large number of Intelligence officers with him, mainly officers who had been specializing on various European nations, racial problems and desirable boundaries for the new map of the world. It was understood that they were all crowded into a large house in Paris, and none of them was ever consulted. The boundaries of the new nations were laid down by trade and inspiration, and the "war to end war" finally ended.

The soldiers came thronging home to find that nobody wanted to listen to their experiences, least of all their former employers, who had given their jobs to other men. So many riddles were left that people almost longed to have the war resumed. It was tragic in countless ways, but at least we had a general idea of what we were about.

When Paderewski left after the Armistice to work on the reconstruction of Poland he wrote to Secretary Baker asking him to send me along as a military observer in Poland. I should have enjoyed that, and like the man in the old story, I was within an ace of going. If Secretary Baker had said yes, I should have gone. But he said no. He said something about having no authority to send a military observer to Poland.

There was later some effort to get me appointed the first Ambassador to Poland but I was not a Democrat at that time and I had had no diplomatic experience, so the suggestion died a-borning.

On January 15, 1910, I received an hon-

orable discharge from the U. S. A. and a commission as major in the M. I., O. R. C. Later I spent five weeks at the War College in Washington as a student, and, after taking correspondence courses for many years, received the reserve commission of lieutenant colonel.

Many of my friends had gone overseas as lieutenants, corporals, sergeants, privates and died there. I who had never heard a shot fired in aught save kindness rose from private to lieutenant colonel. But there was a bitterness in the irony. Lieutenant Finn who took over my company in the 60th New York and went abroad as captain, had his knees so shattered in the battle at the crossing of the Ourcq River that he spent five years in hospital—the longest time spent by any officer in the Army. So, by proxy, I win a real distinction. My substitute had the shattered bones, and all my wound stripes were on the seat of my breeches from the wear and tear of an office chair. But it was not my choice.

For a time there was the pleasant music of falling thrones, skittering crowns, and the fleeing footsteps of fugitive monarchs. This was followed by the seething of volcanoes, eruptions, civil wars, Fascism, dictators, castor oil, shirts of all colors, swastikas, street-slaughters, assassinations, purgings, new names going up into the sky like rockets and falling back into the black like sticks, race wars, pogroms, persecutions, expulsions, Lenin, Trotzky, Stalin, Roemer, Hitler—strange names, mad history-making.

France, England and the United States have been the least shaken but in all three countries there have been alarms, excursions, tremors.

The safety of human freedom is in our charge as never before. It can only be guaranteed by a prepared and perfectly equipped soldiery. More than ever there is a need for true wisdom and for military intelligence.

THE END

## War Gas and Hokum

(Continued from page 5)

of these statements are pure misrepresentation and based on impossibilities, there is no doubt, and it is the broadcasting of these which to a large extent greatly interferes with true progress. In a recent book, its author tells of the inescapable dangers to world armies and civilian populations, when the next war declares itself.

Imagination is harrowed by the description of incendiary bombs a thousand times more effective than those of a few years ago, and of types of bombs that terrorize the imagination. One of these is a gas bomb, the nature of which he does not

name, but which goes right through the soul, and a single kilo of it could wipe out all forms of life in a city the size of Paris.

In an unsigned article appearing in the *American Weekly* of January 1932, the statement is made that "Bombs of hydrocyanic acid gas exploded in the streets of New York, lined as they are with high buildings, would not fail of almost perfect concentration." That any large American city is admirably adapted for that or any other poison gas is obvious, but New York is affectionately referred to as "bombers' delight." "What a target!" To the intelligent mind,



comment on this statement seems unnecessary. Suffice it to say, however, that because of the extreme difficulty of obtaining a concentration of this gas it was relegated to the scrap pile early in the World War.

There appeared not long ago, in one of the leading periodicals of our country the startling statement that one ton of mustard gas could kill all of the inhabitants of the City of New York. The author of this article was indeed modest in his statement for one ton of mustard gas could not only kill all of the inhabitants of the City of New York, but also those of the State of New York and all of the New England States thrown in for good measure, if that ton of mustard were divided into 20 milligram doses and a dose injected into the lungs of each individual.

It is shown as a matter of recorded fact, however, during the great war there were twelve thousand tons of mustard gas used and this amount caused but 350,000 casualties, and of these but 1.5 percent died. Therefore during its actual use in war, one ton of mustard gas caused less than 30 casualties with one death from each ton and a half of gas used.

A writer cites the following: "General Crozier of the British Army, recalling that during the World War 380 tons of bombs were dropped in and around London, declares that an enemy today could drop upon London more bombs than that within twelve hours." As a result of the dropping of these 380 tons of bombs, 1,400 persons were killed and 3,400 injured, mostly women and children.

In dropping them the Germans lost twenty-nine Zeppelins, costing approximately \$37,000,000 and forty-six airplanes valued at \$400,000. This cost added to the operating expenses of the air transports, together with cost of the bombs gives as a result of these raids the stupendous sum of over \$38,000,000.

Added to these figures is the large sacrifice of life among the personnel of the destroyed ships. Considering this cost in money and life, compared to the results obtained, one wonders whether this method of warfare will ever be successful.

THE possibility of gassing cities in future wars is always a popular subject. It has become an arena for writers of articles whose aims are to keep the public constantly stirred up on the subject of national defense. Not pleasant reading all these things, but they belong in the picture of our times. Although the great preponderance of these utterances are purely imaginary since not based upon actualities, yet no one can tell what the future will bring forth.

Eighteen years ago the United States entered that great conflict known as the World War. That war may live evilly in history as the birth period of a group of material Frankensteins. Under military necessity the airplane was taken up from its plodding pioneer days and transformed into a bomb-carrying dreadnaught of the

sky, becoming the eyes of modern armies. Chemistry was drafted from the laboratories of Europe and put to work on battlefields. Motors propelled artillery into the front lines. Armored tanks grew larger and larger.

And the German army anticipated today's research in the stratosphere by firing shells into the rarefied upper atmosphere, shells that soared from a hidden gun in the Forest of St. Gobin and wrecked Paris shops and dwellings sixty miles away. Military miracle succeeded military miracle; imagination was appalled by the prospects for the future.

"Without vision the people perish," wrote the biblical sage. The nation today which closes its eyes to the progress in fighting methods begun in the World War and continued since that war ended stands a fair chance of becoming another China in 1950.

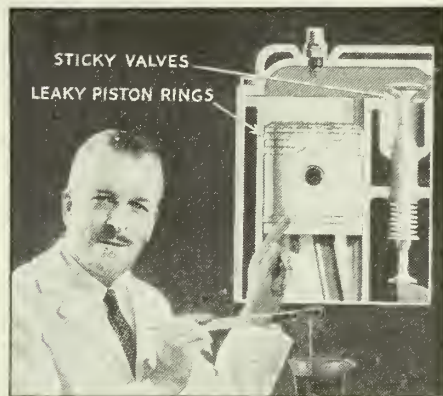
Unfortunately, the United States seems to like best its Regular Army in the rôle of the shepherd guarding his sheep. The public seems to enjoy what it chooses to regard as the Army's reiterated cries of "wolf, wolf."

It remains amiably tolerant while heads of the War and Navy Departments issue appeals that the Army and Navy be kept at reasonable strength and that provision be made for the development of these arms of our national defense to keep them abreast of the armies and navies of other nations. With us, every new world conference dream seems to be seized upon as a convenient reason for further reductions in strength of our Army and Navy.

**GENERAL H. L. GILCHRIST** was Commanding Officer of the first unit of the A. E. F. to land in England and France—Base Hospital No. 4 which arrived at Liverpool on May 17, 1917, and Rouen on May 25, 1917. General Gilchrist organized the unit in Cleveland, Ohio, early in May, using as a nucleus doctors and nurses enroled earlier by Dr. G. W. Crile, the famous surgeon, who accompanied the outfit overseas. A few days after he landed at Liverpool, General Gilchrist stood in the office of the Adjutant General of the British Army in London, learned from British experts startling facts about gas warfare as it was then being used and its potentialities for the future.

During the following seven months he commanded a 2,500-bed American hospital at Rouen, France, saw thousands of gassed British and American soldiers pass through its wards. In December, 1917, he became medical director of the Chemical Warfare Service of the A. E. F., began inspection trips which took him to all parts of the American and Allied fronts and to British and French gas schools and laboratories and hospitals. After the war, he commanded the American Typhus Expedition to Poland and was chief of the Medical Research Division at Washington and Edgewood Arsenal until 1929 when he became Chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, a post which he held for five years.

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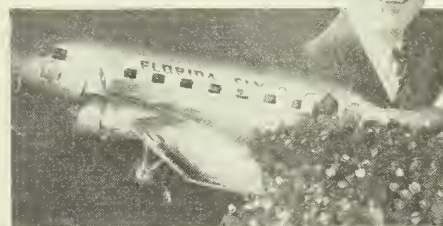
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TOUGH-FILM  
THE OIL THAT GOES FARTHER . . . FASTER . . . SAFER



# The Destruction of the *Cormoran*

(Continued from page 31)

particularly unfortunate in making connections with colliers. Finally, in October, 1914, after waiting at sea for fuel which did not arrive and in the belief that a Japanese ship of much greater armament was just around the corner, she steamed into the harbor at Guam and there was interned to await what she expected would be the quick termination of the war.

The island which the Germans selected is not such a bad place in which to spend an enforced vacation. It is about ten miles wide by thirty miles long, tropical, with lovely scenery and a temperature range of 78 to 88. Much of the coast line rises in sheer cliffs from the sea but behind the coral reefs stretch white sandy beaches and the jungle is varied by the waving grass of the savannahs which crown the hills more than a thousand feet above the sea.

THE natives, who look much like Filipinos, are called Chamorros and are a mixture of Spanish and Polynesian blood. When the Spaniards first came upon these islands in the sixteenth century they called them the Ladrone or Robber Islands but this name, however appropriate earlier, no longer suits them, for the inhabitants are a very peaceful and honest people. In fact the majority showed too little interest in acquiring money or possessions until the advent of the Ford to the island fired them with an ambition to earn enough to buy a car. Guam is a naval station and as such is governed by an American naval officer who has almost the powers of a czar.

Each department of the government is headed by a junior officer, either naval or marine. Early in 1916, the father of an old friend of mine was ordered out to take command and so in November of that year his family, with me in tow, followed to keep him company. By this time the Germans had already been on the island more than two years.

The commissioned personnel of the cruiser had become acquainted with the American officers and their families and kept themselves fit by playing tennis and walking, although there were certain parts of the island to which they were forbidden to go. They added much to the social life of the colony for almost all were musicians and the crew soon developed a band and an orchestra. On an island such as Guam music can play a great part in the entertainment of the inhabitants for when we were there there was little to do in the evenings except play cards, dance, and go to the movies. The cinema was, however, a sorry form of amusement, for the pictures were so antiquated and worn out by the time they reached that far-off isle that long sections were completely gone and the final embrace of the lovers was almost always missing.

As is customary with interned ships, the

breech-blocks of the *Cormoran's* guns had been confiscated, all the ammunition taken away and the captain was allowed only enough coal to maintain his ship in the harbor. In fact he had to submit to inspections to be sure that he was not secretly building up a coal supply. In their blacksmith shop aboard ship the German sailors fashioned the most intricate models in metals, one of their former gun-boat being complete down to the tiniest detail. So exceedingly skilled in metal crafts were they that some thought they could even have made new breech-blocks if this should prove to be worth-while.

Guam was to us like the setting in a comic opera. The government house, or palace as it was called, looked out over the Plaza, an oblong of turf bordered with double rows of palm trees between which ran a yellow roadway. Around the square were the various public buildings, post-office, marine barracks, cathedral and prison, all Spanish in type, some freshly painted but others attractive in a mossy green patina which develops from the dampness of the rainy season.

In the avenue in front of the palace each morning at eight o'clock The Star Spangled Banner was played by the navy band while the flag was raised on the government flag pole. Then the band repaired to the bandstand nearby, where they entertained with an hour's concert while the boys of the island played before school in the square. Girls were not present in any numbers as they attended school in the afternoon. During the concert there passed by, going about their business, American naval officers in white, Marine officers in white or khaki, German officers in uniform, native men with their shirttails always hanging out, lovely native women, tightly swathed from the waist down in their gaily colored trained skirts but with sheer bouffant blouses of pina cloth, Marines in khaki, Franciscan monks in their brown cassocks and rope belts, American women carrying bright Japanese bamboo parasols and German sailors on bicycles with ribbons dangling from their childish straw hats.

AT nine o'clock the school bell rang, the boys disappeared, the band stopped playing and semi-quiet reigned. Every holiday and Saturday afternoon there was a baseball game between rival teams and on two days at five there was a Marine Band concert. At this hour the lazy ones took their strenuous exercise of a promenade around the plaza while those who knew how to keep fit in the tropics played tennis on the courts at one end of the square or on the one behind the old wall in the government gardens.

All this time our entrance into the war was getting to be more of a certainty, and it may seem strange that we could be so-

ciable with those who were soon to be declared our enemies. However we were on a remote island and what news we received came mostly in concise cable dispatches received only once a day and available only to those interested in reading the bulletin board. Once a month mail and newspapers arrived by transport but as the youngest of these was already four weeks old how could we become excited about news that was then so obviously stale?

However much we became indignant about the actions of the German government it was difficult to become hostile to the cultured individuals who happened to be marooned here.

And so the picnics, dinners, suppers and swimming parties continued. Every month the arrival of the transport was the excuse for a special party. On the day before New Year's, which was Sunday, all the American officers were invited to a stag party on the German ship. This wholesale invitation alarmed the women, who were sure it was a plot to kidnap the entire naval force. Of course all our officers did not go and the others came back safely with no trick attempted. Even romance could not be downed by the imminent possibility of war for on the following day the German doctor on the ship married an American nurse and a wedding reception was held at the chief American surgeon's house.

BUT daily the news became more threatening. The German kapitän disposed of his car and the governor was called more and more often from dinner by urgent code messages. Finally the day arrived of what turned out to be the last party between the Germans and the Americans. On that day the governor ordered an inspection of the *Cormoran* and two naval officers went out to the ship and asked to look over the coal bunkers. Kapitän Zuckswerdt refused. The officers returned to the dock and sent word at once to the governor.

He ordered out a detachment of marines and leaving some of these on the dock, others accompanied the officers back to the ship. At this display of force the kapitän gave in and let them proceed with the inspection. They found everything in order and nothing in the bunkers beyond a supply of coal slightly in excess of that allowed. It would seem probable therefore that the Germans were stalling for time in order to remove the explosives arranged even as early as this against the time when they would find it necessary to destroy their ship.

By this time it was late and a party of American officers and their ladies were due on the *Cormoran* for dinner at seven-thirty. Included in the party was the young officer who led the inspection. He

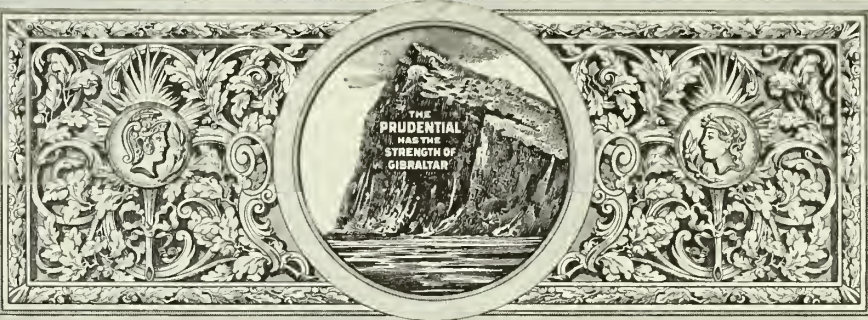


was by this time harassed and hot, his uniform soiled from his descent into the hold of the ship. He would not have time to return to the capitol to change for dinner, so a clean uniform would have to be brought to Piti and he would have to dress in the bathhouse. In the meantime the women of the party were waiting not knowing whether they would proceed or not.

The governor considered it best, however, to carry on and sent word to the guests to attend the dinner so that one hour after the inspection of the ship, there stood the calm and affable kapitän greeting his guests at the gangway as though nothing unpleasant had transpired. The dinner, however late, was delicious—only the venison a trifle overdone. The table was laid out on the deck and the least Prussian and most sociable and talented of the German officers had been commanded to attend. The orchestra played, champagne and wines were served, and with everyone striving to ease the strain the evening was a great success.

This was the last time that we saw anything of the Germans. Two days later diplomatic relations were broken off and they withdrew to their ship. Only the doctor who had some patients in the hospital came ashore during the two-months' lull before we became open enemies. The governor now established a watch upon the ship and rumors of mysterious lights and happenings flew around. Although Guam was a naval station there were never many ships there and at this time the only one was a sea-going tug named the *Piscataqua*, armed only with three pounders. She was placed as guard over the *Cormoran*. The Germans had 400 men and outnumbered our sailors and marines two to one. This superiority in numbers made the women of the island talk over their fruit punches of the possible capture of the island by the Germans and predict dire events, some of which were perhaps not entirely impossible.

Naturally our officers wanted to capture the *Cormoran* intact because of its value as a freight or troop ship. Conferences were held daily to see if some way could be found to do this but as the Germans could not be molested until war was actually declared no solution was forthcoming and as we have seen the enemy succeeded in destroying their ship. The officers were then put in one camp, the men in another and the marines took turns standing watch. The kind-hearted governor allowed the bride and groom to occupy a small cottage together. The prisoners started out immediately to improve their quarters by building tennis courts and planting vegetables but they did not accomplish much, for at the end of April they were sent on by transport to the Philippines and from there back to the States to a camp in Georgia. Many of them had announced their intention of becoming American citizens at the termination of the war and no doubt some of those former enemies are now worthy citizens of this country.



## How many dollars will be needed?

If the bread winner in your family group were taken, would the dollars available be equal to actual needs?

At such a time ready cash is essential, to settle the items which arise or to clear off taxes, mortgages or other obligations.

Then begins the problem of income for day-to-day support. How much would be required for the first year? and the next? and after that? What revenue would be ready for this purpose from present insurance or other sources?

No family can afford to ignore these important comparisons. If your check-up shows more dollars necessary, buy them from a life insurance company on terms best suited to your budget.

The Prudential has *three different "Modified" policies* specially adapted to the cash-and-income idea. Every day the claims we are paying attest the great help afforded by these modern low-cost contracts.

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Please send to:

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WRITE YOUR OWN NAME AND ADDRESS BELOW

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# REMINDER!!

## What Is This Fidac?

(Continued from page 27)



**"DON'T FORGET TO SEND FOR A  
BOOK OF WALLY'S A. E. F.  
CARTOONS!"**

Some of the old outfit are coming out to the house next week, and you want to do something to start 'em fighting the war over again.

### THIS IS SURE FIRE!!

[All the WALLGREN Cartoons drawn for the Stars and Stripes in France, bound neatly in one volume. With revealing forewords by ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT & JOHN T. WINTERICH.]

### SEND FOR IT TODAY

LEGION BOOK SERVICE,  
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Indianapolis, Indiana

Please send me.....books of  
WALLY'S cartoons at \$1.50 each.  
\$. . . . .enclosed.

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copies of hospital records, medals issued by Verdun and Château-Thierry to soldiers who served in those sectors during the war, location of graves, search for missing comrades and relatives, and information helping to solve naturalization difficulties. As a part of the practical working out of its ideals of friendship, the FIDAC has organized exchange visits between some two hundred thousand men of the Allied countries. It has a continuous service record of aiding in arrangements for about two hundred interallied reunions of ex-service men every year. The FIDAC also takes a real interest and aids greatly in making arrangements for exchange visits of a large number of children each year. As you know, such

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It is a great satisfaction to know that the members of FIDAC are still marching shoulder to shoulder . . . in the interest of peace.

General John J. Pershing

---

visits between children and adults are one of the best forms of education. Hardly anything can do more to dispel suspicion and possible misunderstandings than such friendly visits.

In addition to the many letters and inquiries which find their way to the FIDAC headquarters, there is the big task of maintaining a Press Bureau which serves more than three thousand newspapers in the world and sends out in the many languages of these newspapers items of interest and information to service men in all countries. Besides these efforts, FIDAC publishes an illustrated monthly magazine known as the Fidac Review. It is published in English, French, and Italian, and contains news of veteran activities in all countries, authoritative information on international affairs, and interesting articles on the present situation in the many nations of the FIDAC membership.

The FIDAC holds annual conventions just as The American Legion does. They are called Congresses and are convened in the different countries of the FIDAC membership. This gives each country an opportunity to have the delegates see the historic scenes which have contributed to the national tradition and the working of its government. Congresses have been held in England, France, Poland, Portugal, Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Morocco and Czechoslovakia. Two Congresses have been held in the United States, that of 1922 in New Orleans and that of 1930 in Washington.

The President and national Vice-Presidents of FIDAC, as well as the Secretary-General and the Treasurer, are elected

each year at the annual Congress. The President for this year is a brilliant young French attorney, Jean Desbons. Two Americans hold offices in FIDAC this year, Rev. Robert J. White, Past National Chaplain of the Legion, who is the American Vice-President, and Samuel P. Bailey, who has been Treasurer for several years. The administration between Congresses is in the hands of the international officers and the executive committee. The American Legion has a strong and active representation on this committee. Among the prominent members are J. L. McCann, Commander of the Department of France, Samuel P. Bailey, Treasurer of FIDAC and Former Grand Chef de Gare of the Forty and Eight in France, H. L. Smith, Past Commander of the Department of France, and Major Arthur W. Kipling, who, with his wife, has been very active in the charitable work of the Legion and Auxiliary in Paris among the orphans of American war veterans. Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, of the Pennsylvania Department, is the American Vice-President of the FIDAC Auxiliary and has taken active steps to increase interest of American youth in both the Auxiliary and FIDAC.

The American Legion is entitled to fifteen delegates at the Annual Congress. They are chosen at the May meeting of the National Executive Committee. This year the Congress will be held during the first week in September in Brussels, Belgium. All Legionnaires who wish to attend will be welcome and are cordially invited to attend the sessions of the Congress. The coming

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The FIDAC is an indispensable organization.

Marshal Foch

---

meeting gives every indication of being unusually interesting, particularly in view of the setting in which it is to be held in Brussels.

Occasionally some objections have been registered in Legion conventions and meetings to the continuance of participation by The American Legion in the FIDAC organization. These objections have been voiced principally upon two bases, first, the desire to finally sever all connection with foreign countries, even to the extent of breaking the friendly bond with Allied veteran organizations. The other objection is based upon the financial cost to the Legion. Both of these objections can be faced frankly and disposed of effectively.

Most of us share the feeling that it is better as a matter of policy for America



to work out her own progress without any so-called entangling alliances. But admitting that, it certainly does not follow that we should break an old bond, sever old friendships, and cut adrift from the Allied veterans, with whom we fought side by side, refusing to continue our mutual efforts to further the cause of world peace. It certainly is true that our alliance in FIDAC has not brought us any embarrassment, and can accomplish much good. That, of course, will depend in a large part upon our active interest and the type of men we send to FIDAC as representatives of the Legion. No frenzied arguments should ever convince Legionnaires that the task of The American Legion will be completed even when the disabled, the widows and orphans have been cared for.

The fact still remains that we entered the World War for a purpose we believed justified and all veterans have a common interest that should continue to bind them together in the cause of world peace. It is commonly said, and generally admitted, that the League of Nations has failed dismally to attain its expected power in the promotion of peace. As we look about and see all the wreckage of former friendships and all the old organizations that have been scrapped, we see that the one great lasting organization of this type is the FIDAC. It stands as the only world organization of Allied service men. It embraces the veterans of the United States, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, Yugoslavia, Poland, Rumania, Portugal, Czechoslovakia, and Greece, and numbers eight million men.

The second objection sometimes voiced is that of the expense. When one realizes the work that this organization does and the importance of its influence, it is hard to see how anyone can begrudge the contribution by the Legion. For The American Legion contributes for each member just a little over a half a penny, about five-eighths of a cent, a year. There are no salaries paid to any of the American officers of FIDAC, and in fact, the delegates to the Congresses pay their own expenses. In the face of these facts, it is difficult to see how the financial argument could bring about the breaking of the bond between The American Legion and FIDAC.

In these times this organization of FIDAC, composed of eight million men who have known the horrible experiences of war, stands out as a powerful force which can point out to the youth the truth that war is not an exciting adventure; and can as well impress the people of the world with the firm determination of Allied veterans to prevent the catastrophe of any future war.

In many other ways the FIDAC has exerted an influence for good in the United States. General L. R. Gignilliat, Superintendent of Culver Military Academy, has been kind enough to donate three beautiful medals each year to be awarded to colleges and universities in the United States in nationwide competition. The awards are made on the basis (Continued on page 60)

APRIL, 1935



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# What Is This Fidac?

(Continued from page 59)

of achievement by these institutions in providing courses, competitions, exchange professorships, institutes and public discussions which will promote international understanding and good will. Some of the winners have been:

1930—Columbia University, New York,

---

**I send to the Congress my sincere greetings and ardent hope for full success in your efforts to further friendship and neighborly understanding among the nations.**

**May the memory of your companionship in arms be dedicated to the firm resolve to teach to coming generations in all lands the grim lesson of the wasteful destruction of war. Impress upon them that war can be avoided; that by mutual trust and respect the way can be prepared for the peoples of the earth to live in harmony and peace. You who have lived through the horrible experience of armed conflict are better qualified than other men to lead the youth of the world away from thoughts of war towards thoughts of peace.**

**President Roosevelt, in a message to the London Congress, 1934**

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N. Y.; University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.; University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

1931—Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.; Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

1932—Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.; University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.

1933—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.; University of Delaware, Newark, Del.; Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

1934—University of Denver, Denver, Colo.; Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.; University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.

Among prominent men who have served as judges have been: General L. R. Gignilliat, Superintendent, Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana, Chairman; Dr. John J. Tigert, President, University of Florida, Gainesville, Florida; Dr. Lindsey Blayney, Dean, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota; Dr. Thomas H. Healy, Assistant Dean, School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; Louis Johnson, Former American Vice-

President of FIDAC, Clarksburg, W. Va.

All of us have felt at some time the sting of the sharp criticism that has come to the Legion from some students and university authorities. This criticism, of course, is insignificant in relation to the great good will that has been manifested by most of the students and faculty members in American colleges and universities. It seems to me that much of this criticism is based upon a lack of knowledge of the Legion and its ideals and objectives. In such a situation these competitions of FIDAC and The American Legion bring about a much clearer understanding of the unselfish purposes of the Legion and serve to win lasting friends among students and university and college authorities.

In the larger sphere of world affairs, the FIDAC exerts a tremendous influence in behalf of peace. It is not an unreal, fantastic ideal. It is a practical objective which can be realized and become effective in smoothing out possible points of difference, and in bringing about a deepened understanding, respect and friendship between nations. The pivot point of all FIDAC'S purposes is peace. The resolution adopted by the last Congress, held in London in September, 1934, appeals to an American as straightforward, practical and sound:

"The Fifteenth Congress of the FIDAC, conscious of the existing fear of war, pledges all its efforts for the maintenance of peace among nations; and further:

1. States that it is the duty of ex-service men grouped in FIDAC to fulfill the mission befalling them through the sacrifices of their glorious dead and do their utmost for public opinion in each country to sustain all measures capable of maintaining peace.

2. Appeals to ex-service men of former enemy countries who are inspired by similar feelings to take part in efforts directed against any conflicts between peoples.

3. Affirms to the younger generation of the whole world that the establishment of permanent peace is possible by means of the collaboration of peoples and appeals to its sense of generosity to help in the realization of this peace in an upright and equitable manner."

(Unanimously adopted)

At the New Orleans Congress in 1922, the FIDAC adopted and delivered to all the governments of the member nations a resolution which called on their respective governments "to abolish war as a national policy." Six years later this resolution was embodied almost word for word in the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact. The FIDAC has been highly complimented for its valuable aid in smoothing out differences that threatened to become serious between France and Italy, and Italy and Jugoslavia. In both instances conferences of

ex-service men were called, at which matters were discussed in the light of their veteran experiences, and removed from the political atmosphere, these conferences made great strides toward a better mutual understanding. Nor have these efforts been limited to Allied veterans. For the FIDAC has made noble gestures to the veterans' organizations of former enemy countries in a program of cooperation and good will. These efforts, in collaboration with CIAMIC—the International Conference of War Wounded and Ex-Service Men—were responsible for a meeting of over ten thousand veterans in Geneva in 1933 in the hope of pushing forward some practical plan by all the nations towards a disarmament conference.

Every Legionnaire is automatically a member of the FIDAC. He is entitled to an International Identity Card, which can be procured from the National Headquarters of the Legion. Like the program of the Legion, the program of FIDAC depends upon the active co-operation of all

---

**FIDAC is the ideal medium for the worth-while effort of teaching the doctrine of mutual respect and friendship for the governments of other nations without yielding our right to choose our own form of government. Now, more than ever before, the world needs that kind of neighborly understanding.**

**An organization of eight million veterans who joined in the Allied cause, FIDAC properly carries the message of peace across international boundaries through the strong comradeship that was moulded in the crucible of battle. Through the medium of the FIDAC the world may yet find the road to peace.**

**Let us continue to give it our support.**

**Frank N. Belgrano, Jr.,  
National Commander of  
The American Legion**

---

our local Posts. Have you conferred with the officers of the Auxiliary unit of your Post and stirred up interest among the school children to compete in the two hundred dollar prize essay contest on "How Can American Youth Co-operate with The American Legion and the FIDAC to Remove the Profit Motive from War as an Aid to World Peace?" Have you talked with the authorities of your local university or college and inquired whether their



institution has entered the competition for the FIDAC medals? Your aid is important. For all of us working together can make The American Legion a real, active participant in FIDAC, and thus advance toward one of the important objectives of our own organization—"to promote peace and good will."

All of us are growing older, and even now we look forward to leaning upon the "Sons of the Legion" who are coming to our aid. But our day is not over, and the duty still remains upon all of us to co-operate with the Allied veterans in the furtherance of world peace. It is the plea of our dead. It is the hope of our living. Our voices through FIDAC—eight million strong—

can and shall keep the world aware of our united friendship and our determination to prevent the catastrophe of any future wars.

*Rev. Robert J. White, author of the foregoing article, is a member of the faculty of the School of Law, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. With his background as Post Commander, County Commander, and Massachusetts Department Chaplain, "Father Bob," as he is familiarly known to many veterans, was chosen National Chaplain last year. In appreciation of his work, Commander Hayes and the National Executive Committee nominated him for the office of Vice-President of the FIDAC, to which he was elected at the London Congress.*

## On the War Path Again

(Continued from page 29)

much better the importance of discipline and obedience. They especially show resourcefulness when, given a detail of men to go out and do a piece of work, they have to depend upon their own means or judgment as to details. I find we can trace many of their qualifications to their military experience."

From the Consolidated Chippewa agency in northern Minnesota, one of the "five best":

"In our Nett Lake camp of 200 enrollees the veterans without exception are outstanding. They seem to regard the opportunity to work with far greater vision and appreciation than is common among the other enrolled men. If we had a greater number of men of the World War veteran type their presence would be a great stabilizer of the morale of the camp."

The nature of the project program at the Standing Rock agency, where L. P. Lipbert is superintendent, is such as to afford perhaps a better-than-average test of veteran contribution. About sixty percent of the land within the reservation is alienated, and held mostly by whites, while the rest is held by the federal Government in trust for the Indians. The agency, also named as one of the top five, is concerned with the trust lands. Conservation work is being done in and for them only. Trust and alienated lands are so intermingled, taggered, that a map of the reservation looks like a checkerboard. This explains why a system of small, temporary "family camps" was adopted.

In the family camp, half of the crew often continue to live in their homes, usually small hewn-log structures, clay caulked. As the crew is moved, or split up with its members assigned to new groups, tents are moved too and family life goes on serenely. The Government grants enrollees a per diem allowance for subsistence and pays extra for use of their teams.

The land of the reservation is rolling to hilly, treeless except along water courses. It is used more for grazing than tilling. Prolonged drought had indicated water

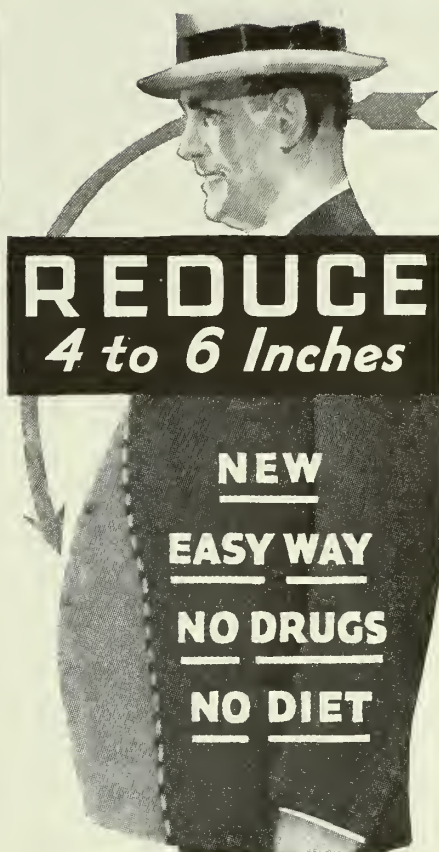
development as the major conservation project. This embraced building of earth dams and spillways at strategic places between hills to form reservoirs for impounding surface water—131 at date, each benefiting about two and a half sections—development of springs and sinking of wells. Other projects include building of telephone lines, of firebreaks through the timber strips from which the Indians get fuel, of truck trails and of drift fence, as well as prairie-dog and insect-pest control, and prevention of soil erosion.

Veterans employed in the work at Standing Rock numbered about one-fifth of the enrolment. Of the veterans, thirty-one, or nearly 30 per cent, were serving, at the time of check, as foremen of crews, leaders of individual crews or assistant leaders. The main point, however, is that commendable qualities fairly referable to military experience were being shown by the rank and file, by the lowest-paid men as well as by those picked for leaders.

Your veteran at Standing Rock showed initiative, for one thing. Take the matter of camp sanitation.

"We have noticed," said the project manager, a white man, "that at every family camp which has an ex-service man in charge the sanitary conditions are much better than at other camps. Left to themselves, the Indian families are likely to put up their tents, each as it pleases, and live thereafter without too much concern for community health and comfort. Your veteran in charge would consider, at the outset, such factors as slope and drainage, lay out the tents with some semblance of order and a 'company street,' designate a place for horses and equipment, have erected in the rear of the camp two modest but essential structures and have a hole dug for the common disposal of garbage, tin cans and such refuse. He did all this without any instructions from us, whereas we had to give strict supervision to some of the camps not under veteran control."

This story was told of an Indian leader of a telephone-line (Continued on page 62)



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## On the War Path Again

(Continued from page 61)

crew. He had been a "top" in the Army. When named a crew leader—it meant more pay—he had asked the manager, "Am I to be just a straw boss or am I in charge? Are you backing me up?" Being told he was boss, he went ahead and did a wholly satisfactory job of handling his men.

This leader said of the veterans employed: "For the most part, they understand directions better than the others, take orders better, beef less on the job, keep the others in line and back up the man in charge. The veterans are looked up to by the others, the younger men especially, so that their influence for good or bad is marked."

What about that "first out in the morning"? This was cited as fairly typical. In an outfit engaged in building a dam, it was observed that the four or five veterans in the crew of perhaps twenty men were always the first to appear on the job site in the morning, first to get their horses and lead them to scraper, fresno or wagon, where they would compete to be the first hitched and ready for work.

An Indian who was not himself a war veteran, and so was privileged to speak such things, said:

"The warrior has always been held in high regard among the Indians, and so with us the World War veterans are especially honored. They are distinguished, set apart, in all Indian activities.

"In our Armistice Day ceremonies every year in various parts of the reservation, the Indian veterans are the guests of honor. The Auxiliaries and the War Mothers will serve them a banquet and delight to wait upon them. At a certain stage in the program, a paint stripe is traced across the face of each veteran, over the nose and from ear to ear. It is the mark of the hero. At the death of one so marked, the Old Woman who stands at the forks of the Milky Way, directing the souls of the dead to the places they merit, will let him pass on to the abode of the elect, where their camp fires are the Northern Lights.

"Can one doubt that the Indian veteran influences his fellows for good when we so regard him? Can one doubt that he himself is moved by such regard and tries to deserve it?"

A white foreman over a number of crews, a veteran himself, carried this thought further. He said;

"In the military service a man learns to check on himself when doing a new job. The veteran here is more likely to do that than a man without such training. Given a new kind of work, the veteran will ask for an okeh from above before going far with it, whereas the non-vet is more prone to keep going until checked, even if doing the thing wrong."

Echoes of the war enliven these camps. The Indian woman's method of calling in her husband for meals has been by sight signal, as putting a piece of cloth on a stick outside the tepee. Now wives will come to the tent door and beat a pan or tin of any kind, which, one was told, goes back to the days of the mess call. One veteran, a former bugler, brought his bugle along as he moved from one camp to another and had one of the family sound off for meals that way.

Would you believe it?—the Indian veterans ride one another a good deal on the job, and the nons, too. They ape a hardboiledness in speech and manner that for a time caused distress among the others, who took it seriously.

This recalls the assertion of a Sioux linguist at the Standing Rock agency. He said there were no swear words in the Sioux tongue, "one could not take the name of God in vain in Sioux." When the Sioux swear, they swear in English. Though a degree of proficiency is not unattainable, profanity with them is an acquired art, not a natural gift. Perhaps that accounts for the failure of your inquirer to learn of a single mule-skinner among the veterans on the reservation.

The racial handicap may have barred them from that service.

## Escape Into Eden

(Continued from page 9)

Pancoast was going to race The Wop, his boy cantered the horse for two miles. While Henry Pancoast sat on the rail and watched him, another horse owner, one Mr. Sidney Bird, climbed up on the rail beside him.

"Mornin', Henry," Mr. Bird saluted amiably. "How're things?"

Henry Pancoast turned the cold dull eye of suspicion and distaste upon Sidney Bird. He had long suspected Mr. Bird of being as crooked as a bed spring and evil in other ways. So he merely grunted.

Bird elected to ignore the grunt and

after a few pleasantries went into preliminaries that told Henry he was about to propose fixing a race.

"I heard the feed man was pressin' you," Mr. Bird went on, his voice low. "And there ain't the slightest element o' risk in what I'm goin' to tell you. I got your word of honor, of course, that if the deal don't appeal to you—"

"I never turned copper yet, young man."

"I know it. What horses do you figger to be the contenders in the fifth race this afternoon?"



"Klondike, Illuminate and The Wop."  
 "Correct. What horse will be favorite?"  
 "Your horse, Klondike."  
 "Correct again. What horse do you figure to win?"

"My horse, The Wop."  
 "Still correct, only me an' you are the only two—well, three, countin' your jock—who know it."

"And how did you find out?"  
 "All horses have to be off the track by ten o'clock every morning. Most owners get their horses out for exercise as early as they can before the heat of the day comes up, so usually the track is deserted by a quarter of ten. Recently the professional clockers had called it a day and left the track, when you sent your boy out on The Wop at five minutes of ten. It occurred to me you were going to set him down, so I clocked him a mile in thirty-eight and two."

"I caught him in thirty-eight flat, but no matter, Sidney. What's on your mind?"

"You know who owns Illuminate?"

"Yes. A very heavy stockholder in this track, and also an officer of the Jockey Club."

"What should Illuminate pay?"

"About four to one."

"Correct. Well, he can win today. Do you get me or do you not?"

"I get you. Your plan is to have your boy take care of Klondike and my boy take care of The Wop and if we do not we'll sort of be in disgrace around here and then it'll sort o' happen that our horses won't get entered any more. The Jockey Club has the right to refuse any entry without assigning a reason."

Mr. Bird nodded solemnly. "That horse of yours, Henry, is such an in-and-outer the judges will never suspect anything if he fails to win. He can run a much improved race and still not beat Illuminate. There you have a good bet. Illuminate to win at say four to one and The Wop to place is a cinch at six to one."

"I wouldn't bet lead money on The Wop to place. You're right, Sidney. He is an in-and-outer. He ran away with the boy the day you clocked him in thirty-eight and two; the next time I sent him away he worked in forty-four. He's too risky for your money."

"Thanks," Mr. Bird murmured. "You ought to know. Now let's talk business. We bet five hundred for you on Illuminate's nose—"

"No, you don't, Brother Bird. I've never pulled a horse but I've always said that when I did I'd have to be well paid for it. Some other horse in that race might come alive and ruin us. You give me a thousand dollars an' I'll bet it away from the track any way I see fit. If I win I'll repay the thousand dollars. If I lose I don't owe you a cent. And you put your own boy up on my horse and give him his orders."

"That's trading talk. You're on. I'll get Parsons for you."

"That boy's crooked enough and game enough to do his stuff, Sidney, but he won't

do. You've got to have a very strong boy to ride The Wop. Put a weak boy up on him and he'll do as he likes. I tell you he wants a strong boy. Suppose, with a weak boy up, the brute took a notion to run. You know he can run if he wants to."

"Right as a fox. How would Neff do?"

"None better."

"Sold." Mr. Bird glanced cautiously around, saw that the rail was deserted for two hundred yards and cautiously handed Henry Pancoast ten one-hundred-dollar bills. "You nominate Neff to ride your horse, Henry," he said. "I have first call on his services and the boy will be there when the saddling bell rings."

And Mr. Bird walked away down the outside of the track until he came to the grandstand. It held one occupant, to wit Mr. Jimmy Latrobe, who was engaged on his early morning job of clocking. Mr. Bird climbed up and sat down beside him.

"Jimmy," he began without preliminary skirmishing, "if I gave you five thousand do you think you could get Luke McBean to spread it for me in the books throughout the East, in such a way none of it would come back?"

"I might," the good-natured Latrobe replied. "Luke's pretty obliging to his horse-owner friends. What horse?"

"Illuminate, in the fifth this afternoon."

"That," murmured Jimmy Latrobe, "is a horse of another color. A spotted one, I infer, since you have your own horse, Klondike, in the same race."

Mr. Bird smiled craftily. "Well?"

"Oh!" A silence. "I doubt if Luke will handle the bet for you, Sid. He never touches anything that isn't on the up-and-up."

"This is on the up-and-up. Klondike will be trying, but he can't beat Illuminate."

"How about old man Pancoast's horse, The Wop? I clocked him a mile in thirty-eight last week."

"The Wop won't win to-day," said Mr. Bird positively.

"He might."

"I'm tellin' you I know different. We all entered our horses so the race would fill, just to oblige the owner of Illuminate. Get aboard the good thing, Jimmy, and win yourself a lot o' money. Illuminate is a triple-X sleeper and ripe for a killing. I've got five thousand to spread and I don't want any of it comin' back to the track."

"I'll not ask Luke, because I know he won't touch it. Illuminate's owner is putting up the five thousand. Everybody knows you haven't any money. So the deal don't look good. I hope the stewards catch you and rule you off for life."

Sidney Bird departed, rather chop-fallen but not a whit discouraged. He knew Jimmy Latrobe would not hint to the stewards that a job was contemplated, nor did he care if Latrobe did. Operating under the plan he contemplated he had not the slightest fear of detection.

**J**IMMY LATROBE came over to Henry Pancoast's stable. A swipe was walking The Wop around (Continued on page 64)



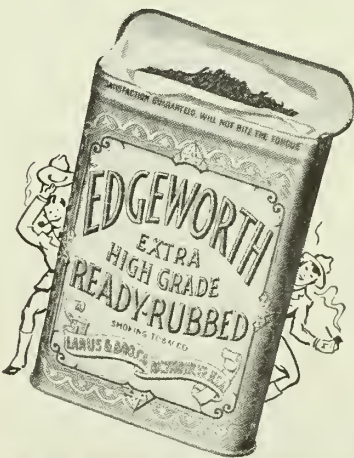
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# Escape Into Eden

(Continued from page 63)

the barn, cooling him out, and Henry A. Pancoast sat in the door of his tack room looking very much pleased with the world as on that morning constituted. He set out a camp chair and invited Mr. Latrobe to take his weight off his feet.

"Well, who's going to win the fifth this afternoon, Mr. Pancoast?" Jimmy queried casually.

"If I tell you the name of the winner you won't broadcast it?"

"You know me better than that, Mr. Pancoast."

"So I do, so I do. Well, Jimmy, you get down a nice juicy bet on my horse, The Wop."

MR. LATROBE started slightly. "Are you playing him yourself, Mr. Pancoast?"

"No, Luke McBean is playing him for me—after you ask him to. Here's three thousand dollars. Get Luke to spread two of it for me on The Wop's nose and a thousand on Illuminate to place."

"With pleasure," Jimmy Latrobe replied and pocketed the money. "You know your own business, but for my part I wouldn't bet a nickel on your horse with that bandit Neff up. There's one strong-arm boy, and he's in bad hands here. This track," he added, "stinks a little now and then."

"Oh, naturally. It's outside the United States, and not under control of a racing commission. I've seen queer things happen. But Neff suits me."

"Why don't you ride Kilday? He got a mile out of your horse in thirty-eight recently."

Henry Pancoast turned his mild blue eyes on Jimmy Latrobe. "I think," he said, "that you've been holding confidential converse with somebody."

"Mr. Pancoast, I have. Now, you listen to me, old timer. You're an old man and you haven't much money but you have a record as clean as a hound's tooth. Don't destroy it for some ready money. You can't doublecross that combination and get away with it."

Henry Pancoast smiled benignly upon the young man. "I'm betting two thousand on my horse to win. That's your answer."

"With Neff up?"

"With Neff up."

"I hope you know what you're doing, Mr. Pancoast. I'd hate to think—"

"Don't think. Please act. My horse will win. It's The Wop's race and he'll run it to suit himself and to Halifax with Neff. Me, I'm on the level, always was and always will be. You and Luke McBean might help yourselves to the pie."

"I'll take a bite and thank you, but Luke never bets on stable information, nor on horses ridden by Neff. I'll get him to place your bet."

"Thanks," said Henry Pancoast. "Jimmy, you're a nice boy."

At noon Henry Pancoast went home to luncheon. Ordinarily he partook of a hot dog and a glass of beer at the track at mid-day, but today he was fairly bursting to tell Nellie of the good luck in store for them; he wanted her to be sitting in the club-house veranda when The Wop charged home in front. Nellie listened to his tale, made no comment, and accompanied him back to the track. At the foot of the stairs leading up to the club house they met Luke McBean. "It's all right, Henry," the plunger told the old horseman, "although I think you're throwing your money away. Your wagers will be placed and none of the money will get back to the track to ruin your odds."

The horses had to be in the saddling paddock twenty minutes before post time, so Henry Pancoast left Nellie at twenty minutes of four to go down and saddle The Wop. Nellie looked around her and at a table she saw Luke McBean sipping a glass of beer. She crossed over to him, and sat down at his table uninvited. From her purse she drew three savings-bank deposit books. "Read them, Mr. McBean," she entreated.

SO LUKE McBEAN read them—some twenty pages of them—a record of deposits of from five dollars to a hundred through the years. And there were no withdrawals entered. The bank books had been balanced on July first and the interest credited to the account.

"It appears, Mrs. Pancoast," Mr. McBean murmured, "that you have in bank twelve thousand five hundred and eighteen dollars and twenty-three cents."

"They're savings accounts in San Francisco banks and I can't draw checks against them. I suppose you know, Mr. McBean, that if you wish to withdraw money from a savings account you must go personally for it and bring your bank book and give the man your mother's maiden name and sign a book and have your signature verified."

Luke McBean smiled his understanding smile. "I opine, Mrs. Pancoast, that you desire to make a bet on your husband's horse. I shall be pleased to have my betting commissioner handle it for you. How much?"

"How much can you place for me—on his nose?"

"About fifteen thousand is the limit of my play. Henry is betting two thousand on The Wop and that rather limits you to thirteen thousand. I'll have to telephone the big bookmakers in at least twenty cities. I can place seven hundred and fifty with each without frightening them. Perhaps you had better not be greedy, Mrs. Pancoast. Follow my plan and bet the horse across the board. Play safe."

"All or nothing," Nellie quavered. "Right on his nose. I'm playing a hunch. This is my day and if it isn't I'll take the blow standing." From her purse she drew the six thousand five hundred dollars she had won the week previous on Bon Ami. "Here's sixty-five hundred on account. You know I'm good for the remainder."

"Your credit, on your showing, is A-1 with me," Luke McBean almost moaned, "and I'll oblige you if you insist. But I suspect a job is contemplated in this race. How do you know they do not plan to pocket The Wop, just to be on the safe side. Or they may foul him or bump him or Neff may carry him wide."

"Impossible. He's a rail runner; if he gets the rail he'll keep it, and no jockey has ever been able to take him out. Besides, they've got to make a showing with him. A crook is always careful and the judges here are honest. But I don't care what you say. Please, please spread ten thousand for me."

Because he was a firm believer in the doctrine of personal responsibility, Luke McBean fled to the telephone and gave Jimmy Latrobe his orders. When he returned to Nellie he found her quivering like a dish of jelly on a four-cylinder motor. She clasped the hand of the kindly Luke and gasped: "It means everything, Mr. McBean. It means escape before it's too late. It means a little home in the country and Barred Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds and dogs and a couple of good mares for father to fuss with. And a garden and our own vegetables . . . oh, Mr. Luke, we can live on so little and be so happy. It'll be like living in Eden!"

Luke McBean, who was very soft-hearted and sentimental, almost wept. "Buck up, Mrs. Pancoast. If you lose this race I'll win your money back for you on other races before this meeting closes. I'll not see you and old Henry out on a limb."

THROUGH his binoculars Luke McBean followed the blotch of color that was the field and at the first turn began calling the race for Nellie's benefit.

"Klondike beat the gate and the boy is pouring the bat into him. Illuminate second, Don Pasqual third, King Menelik fourth, Bandoleer fifth, The Wop sixth and Macedonian trails."

At the turn into the backstretch Klondike was four lengths in front. "Very simply done," Mr. McBean murmured. "They'll tiptoe Klondike for three quarters and then he'll be tired and come back to the field. Don Pasqual is second, Illuminate third by a length, the Macedonian fourth by half a length and The Wop fifth, but closing up. At the three-quarters—oh, the devil take those others! We're interested in Illuminate and The Wop. At the far turn Klondike on the rail



leads by a length, Illuminate is closing the gap slightly and The Wop is coming up fast on the outside to take third place." He glanced at his stop watch. "The three-quarters in eleven! Coming into the stretch! Klondike is weakening and Illuminate takes the lead. The Wop is third by a length and Neff is leaning straight back trying to hold him and can't. Into the stretch! Illuminate leads, The Wop is second by a length, Klondike is third by a length and The Macedonian is challenging on the outside. No use. He was carried too wide. The Wop is closing slowly but surely on Illuminate. Ah, Neff, my boy, you'll soon have to quit pulling him. You're getting too close to the judges and the first thing you know they'll figure you're doing dirty riding and not merely trying to hold your horse on the pace for the spurt in the last sixteenth and a close win. Jerusalem, the fool still pulls and it gets him nowhere. The Wop and Illuminate are neck and neck. Yoi-yoi. If this is a fixed race it's beautiful trouping . . . come on, you Wop!" He turned to Nellie Pancoast.

"The Wop wins by a head! Illuminate a place and The Macedonian shows. Time—in thirty-seven and two-fifths! Good Lord, how did that happen, with Neff doing his strong arm work all the way?"

"Oh, it's very simple," Nellie cooed. "We only found it out the other day. The Wop is a sluggish horse, slow to get started and very heavy-headed. A weak boy can't get speed out of him. He likes a strong rider, who will take a good grip on his head and hold him. *And the more you pull on him the faster he goes.*"

"Well, I guess you've spoiled the Egyptians."

Old Henry Pancoast, snorting with anger, joined them. "That rat Bird claimed The Wop from me," he announced. "At twelve hundred. Highway robbery! And the judges haven't any idea of the show that was pulled off right under their noses."

Nellie gazed fondly upon her husband. "Horseless Henry Pancoast is out of a job at last," she said placidly.

But Henry Pancoast did not hear her. He was staring at the odds board. The Wop had paid twelve to one!

"That's very simple," the smiling Luke McBean informed them. "A certain hyena who shall be nameless asked me to spread five thousand for him on Illuminate. I refused and he had to get somebody else to do it. So I had Jimmy Latrobe tip off all the bookies I do business with throughout the country that the horse was very dangerous, so none of them would take more than a hundred on him. In desperation these fly boys had to bet as much of it as they could in the ring and into the mutuel machines at the track and consequently they backed him from six to one to even money to win in the mutuels—and the mutuel price is the one the bookmakers in the East pay off on. Naturally The Wop was neglected and became a grand overlay. Well, Mrs. Pancoast, here's your sixty-five hundred back and my bookie friends owe you a hundred and twenty

thousand. The money will be wired out to me in the morning and after I have deducted the cost of telephone and telegraph tolls I'll send you my check for the balance due you. Henry, Illuminate paid two to one to place because, apparently, those who played him bet him to win!"

"How much did you win on The Wop, Mr. McBean?" Nellie asked.

"Nothing. I never play feed-box tips and I always fight wide of a shady deal. Mrs. Pancoast, you're a true-blue sport and you have the courage of a lion-tamer. How about giving a more or less worthless young man a kiss?"

Nellie gave him three kisses and a hug. "Well," she demanded of her husband, "what's run up your back, father?"

"Woman," father growled, "where did you get that other thirty-five hundred you bet?"

"Got it from you with seven thousand more over a period of thirty years, you little old ninny," mother shrieked at him. "If you'd known I had it you'd have borrowed it from me. You're a great hand at borrowing—and never paying back. During our married life I've loaned you exactly forty-two hundred dollars and you still owe it."

"I am pleased to discover this," said Luke McBean. "Why, I never suspected Henry of being a wolf in sheep's clothing. Henry, I shall deduct the sum you owe Mrs. Pancoast and add five hundred dollars for interest and give her my check for part of your winnings. I see now that you are financially irresponsible."

Mother grasped the sputtering Henry by the shoulders and faced him toward the track, nestled so lovingly in the brown Baja California hills. "Look your last on a race track, Henry Pancoast," she commanded. "You're through."

"I ain't so," father protested.

"I believe in liberty, father. So then, you're not through. Well, I am. Good-bye, father. You cook the lamb chops yourself tonight." And she strutted out of the club house. She was a perky old thing.

Luke McBean turned Henry Pancoast toward her disappearing form. "You're through, Mr. Pancoast. Beat it. Follow the head of the family."

Henry Pancoast sighed, turned, gazed out across the infield a moment and raised a trembling old hand in benediction and farewell. "Somewhere over yonder by the barns," he said, "Sidney Bird and Jockey Neff will soon be bickerin' no little. I give 'em cards an' spades, the four aces and big an' little casino and beat 'em to death on the sweeps. And I'm quittin' an honest man. Hey, mother! Wait! I'm coming as soon as I can find Sidney Bird an' give him a thousand dollars. I told him I'd give it back if Illuminate lost."

"Thank you a million, Luke," he said and proffered the plunger his hand. "I've raced my last horse—and lost him."

"Cock-a-doodle-do," murmured Mr. McBean. "When you and mother get to Eden remember me kindly to Adam and Eve."

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## Major Leaguer

(Continued from page 25)

over at Alvord. He ran an independent team over there. He offered \$225 a month for a pitcher who could also play third base. In this moment agriculture lost a good ploughman and baseball gained a recruit.

Maybe you remember Jahn. The Chicago Cubs brought him up as an outfielder in 1925, kept him a while and then shipped him to Los Angeles and released their claim on him in 1927. The New York Giants went into the draft meeting that fall and drafted him. (The draft is a selective system whereby each major league club can draft one minor league player every year. Few good players are obtained in the draft.)

That same year, the Giants purchased Frank (Lefty) O'Doul, "the man in the green suit." O'Doul was the idol of San Francisco. He had been up in the big show before. He came up again. Unlike Jahn, O'Doul had no desire to be a ball player. In the spring of 1916 he might have been found working in a packing house in San Francisco and making a play for a girl. On Sunday, his day off, O'Doul did not want to play ball; he wanted to promenade. If his girl had not gone to a picnic with another fellow one Sunday, O'Doul might never have been a big-league ball player.

Alone that Sunday with nothing to do, O'Doul wandered to the park where the South San Francisco Parlor of the Native Sons was playing a game with Castro Parlor. Frank was a member of South Parlor. They had been after him to play on the ball team, but no business. O'Doul preferred to promenade.

This day O'Doul stood among the spectators on the sunny field. The players were warming up. O'Doul was wondering why his girl had to go to a picnic. Jack Regan, manager of the South San Francisco Parlor team, spotted O'Doul and button-holed him. Jack Keating, his pitcher, was ill. Would O'Doul pitch? O'Doul was not keen about pitching. He had not played ball for three years. But why not? He had nothing else to do. If they wanted him to pitch he'd pitch.

O'Doul changed his clothes and pitched a shutout. After that he became enthusiastic about baseball. He pitched South San Francisco Parlor into a championship. The girl gave up picnicking.

As a result of his work with the Native Sons, O'Doul was signed by the San Francisco Club of the Pacific Coast League. He was on his way through the baseball whirligig. He was in and out of the major leagues—both leagues—four times before he stuck, and then as an outfielder, not a pitcher. O'Doul stayed up and led the National League in batting in 1929 and again in 1932. Today he is back in his home town as manager of the team with which he started his career. Jahn, mean-

while, had drifted out of the picture.

No ball player ever came from nowhere without experience and made good with a major league team right off the bat. In fiction they do it, but not on the ball field. The one who came closest to doing this is Melvin Ott, right fielder for the New York Giants. He is the nearest thing to a story-book ball player there is in the major leagues.

Ott was sixteen years old when he signed with the Giants. He was in high school. He had fuzz on his cheeks. A physician who was also a fan in Gretna, Louisiana, Ott's home, recommended Ott to John McGraw. People all over the United States were always recommending ball players to McGraw. That is one reason why he had a reputation for resourcefulness. He had a host of friends digging up ball players for him.

Ott went to New York to let McGraw look at him in action. It was in the fall of 1925. Ott was told to come to the Polo Grounds early for practice. There was no one in the park but a few players and workmen.

"All right, young man," said McGraw. "Let me see you hit one."

Ott picked up a bat and walked to the plate. He was a sturdy lad with heavy legs. He was, and still is, a left-handed hitter.

Ott swung.

Crack!

McGraw peered out of the dugout to follow the flight of the ball. His ears told him it was well hit. His eyes informed him that the ball was bouncing among the vacant chairs in the right-field stands. A home run.

Ott did it again. And again.

When a sixteen-year-old boy knocks home runs into the stands of a major league ball park—even one with a short right-field wall—he is interesting.

McGraw was delighted. Then and there the Old Man decided to mould Ott into the figure of a great ball player. It happens once in a lifetime that a young ball player will inspire a major-league manager to be his tutor.

McGraw told Ott to report to the Giants in Sarasota next February. McGraw went to work on him. He changed him from a catcher to an outfielder. Whereas he might have sent anyone else to a minor league team for experience, McGraw kept Ott with him. He did not want anyone to spoil him. He wanted to teach him everything himself.

Ott traveled around with the Giants for two years before he played regularly. Nor was McGraw mistaken, or his efforts wasted. Ottie developed into a home-run hitter and the best right fielder the Giants have had since the passing of Pep Young. Ott is the Frank Merriwell of professional baseball.



Even the immortal Babe Ruth began his career on a minor league team. The Babe's early days in baseball were ordinary. Only the Babe was extraordinary.

Ruth was a husky boy on an industrial school team. He was recommended to a minor league manager, Jack Dunn of Baltimore. He had a trial with Baltimore, made good and signed to play ball for \$100 a month. Dunn had to sign guardianship papers to get him out of school. Ruth was a pitcher in those days. The Boston Red Sox bought him from Baltimore. The rest

is a glorious part of baseball history. The Babe is back in Boston this season with the Braves of the National League as assistant manager and player, with a promise that he will be manager next year.

Recruits move up faster now than they did in the old days. This may be because there are not so many ball players as there were. The lane leading to the big leagues

is neither so long nor so crowded. Or it may be because the veterans are more willing to help young players. Formerly a veteran looked upon a rookie as one who was after his job and would not tell him anything.

Rookies come from the sand-lots and the colleges. About four years ago the major leagues agreed not to sign sand-lot or semi-pro players. This was done to appease the minor leagues, which complained that they could not compete with the majors in signing young ball players.

So the majors gave the minor leagues the sand-lot and took the college players.

"Personally," said Ed Barrow, business manager of the New York Yankees, "I don't know but what I'd prefer to have the sand-lot players and let the minor leagues have the college players. The only difficulty would be the college players might not take up baseball professionally if they had to sign with a minor-league team."

Barrow's preference is based on the belief that a sand-lot player is essentially a ball player, while the college man has some other vocation in mind when he goes to college.

There are not enough good ball players to go around. The major league rules recognize this dearth of material. Section 3 of Article II says: "Since the supply of skilled players is not equal to the demand, no club shall have title to, or under its control, at any one time more than forty players exclusive of non-playing manager and players who have been promulgated as ineligible or voluntarily retired. From

May 15 to August 31 of each year, the number of players in the active service of a club shall not exceed twenty-three."

This rule is designed to prevent a wealthy club from cornering the supply of likely-looking young players. A club can own forty players, but by May 15th it must dispose of seventeen. The seventeen are the ones who are not good enough to help the major-league team in its campaign for the pennant. They may be sold or traded, or, if they look as if they might one day be useful, they are placed with minor-league teams under an optional agreement whereby the major league retains title to them and can recall them.

To circumvent this rule, certain major-league clubs, notably the St. Louis Cardinals and the New York Yankees, purchase minor league teams, grab as many good-looking young players as they can and have their minor league affiliates sign them. This

is the farm, or chain-store, system.

There is lively competition among the major-league teams in their quest for young talent. They are continually on the look-out for good players.

All major-league clubs employ scouts, former players who have a knack of seeing stars before they rise. These agents tour allotted territories. They spy on the college teams; they look at minor league teams; they dash off to track down information that a world-beater is wasting his time in a twilight league in Punkville.

With all this scouting enterprise one would think hundreds of young ball players would be dug up and shoved into the major leagues every year. It is not so. The best scout is the one who does not make his club spend a lot of money for ball players who do not make good. In other words, a scout who recommended only Paul Waner would be a better scout than the one who recommended the purchase of a dozen players none of whom turned out to be good enough for the major leagues.

The ball clubs hire players on the recommendation of their scouts. Even a stylish minor leaguer is scouted; he is watched; inquiries are made about his habits and his temperament.

The Yankees bought Wilcy Moore, the big sinkerball pitcher, without seeing him. Moore had won thirty games and lost four with Greenville, South Carolina, in 1926. Barrow, the burly business manager of the Yankees, saw this record and said to himself, "Any pitcher (Continued on page 68)



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# Major Leaguer

(Continued from page 67)

who wins thirty games of ball in any league must have something." So Ed seized the telephone, called up the Greenville club, and purchased Moore over the telephone.

As a general thing, however, no major-league club signs anyone at random. It is too expensive. Even a carefully scouted, high-priced player may fail to make good.

Only the best players are retained on a major league's list of forty. And the twenty-three that are kept for active duty during the season are the best of the forty.

A minor leaguer's heart leaps when he is acquired by a major-league team. It is a thrill that comes once in a lifetime. A college player does not experience the same elation, because he has not been struggling with baseball the way a minor leaguer has. A sand-lotter who goes through the minor league mill is a ball player at heart. A college player is not a ball player at heart. The chances are that when he entered college he had no intention of taking up baseball as a career.

It is reasonably safe to say that more college men are taking up professional baseball than ever before, because present economic conditions make it difficult for them to follow the careers of their choosing. There are not enough jobs.

Charley Devens, the Boston socialite, who signed with the Yankees a few years ago, is an excellent example. A product of exclusive Groton School, a student at Harvard, a member of the right club, Charley never would have entered professional baseball if his family had not been floored by the depression. A Devens in

professional baseball? Unheard of. Like one of the Vanderbilts being a bat boy.

Charley was pitching for Harvard and doing a sweet job of trimming Yale. One of the Yankee scouts tabbed him as a young pitcher with possibilities and suggested his joining the team. Devens was flattered and amused. After he had thought it over he was not so amused. Here was the opportunity to save the old homestead. Devens signed with the Yankees in Boston on June 30, 1932. He wore a flat skimmer with a colored band, an odd suit, and he looked collegiate.

Devens was smart. He had a clause in his first contract which said that he could not be sent to a minor league team that year. The Yankees had to keep him. He pitched in exhibition games.

If Devens imagined an easy, glamorous life, he was disillusioned. He carried a traveling bag covered with foreign hotel stickers—Baden-Baden, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Geneva. One of the Yankee players looked at all these labels and inquired:

"Have you ever been to Newark?"

"No," said Charley.

"That's good," said the player. "Then it will all be new to you."

Newark is the Yankee farm in the International League. Devens went there the next year, and the next. But by this time he knew that men seldom step from a college campus to a big-league diamond and make good immediately. They may sign with a major-league team, but this does not mean that they are major-league players. It simply means that the major-

league team thinks they may one day be good enough for the big leagues. That day may be four years distant. This year, when the Yankees were ready to use Devens as a starting pitcher, he announced he was through with baseball. He's on his way to becoming a banker.

A major-league club can send a player out on option to a minor-league team three times. Then it must either keep him, sell him, trade him, or release its claim on him.

There is no fixed salary scale in major-league baseball. A rookie in his first year with a major-league club may receive \$500 a month, maybe more. What he gets if he makes good depends on his value to the team, but even more on his ability to pry dough out of his employer. Babe Ruth jacked the Yankees up to \$80,000 a year. No ball player ever received that much before and it is not likely that anyone ever will again.

There is no way of telling, because ball clubs do not reveal their pay rolls, but the consensus of baseball men who should know is that the average salary in the major leagues is around \$7,000 a year.

That is not poor pay. A ball player's "year" is six months. Half that time he is on the road, traveling with the club. The ball club pays his railroad fare, puts him up at a good hotel and feeds him. If a player is unmarried, half his pay is velvet. His name and his picture appear in newspapers. People stop and stare at him.

"That's So-and-so, with the Giants."

"Yeah?"

It's good work if you can get it.

## Security Spells Peace

(Continued from page 41)

which they have been accused, they thoughtfully considered just what was required properly to protect our nation and took proper action to further the cause for which they were working.

Even nations fail to benefit from experience. One of the greatest tragedies in our history is that each time our nation became involved in war, our military establishment was not prepared to carry on. Each time our loss was greater than that computed in dollars and cents—it included huge sacrifice of human lives. After the close of each war in which we engaged, plans were made by our Government to correct this condition. Following the World War, the Defense Act of 1920 was adopted by Congress, but during the intervening years, little effort had been made to comply with its provisions, either in equipment or manpower.

As an indication that the United States

was more than willing to make concessions in the interest of disarmament of nations, following the Washington Conference on Naval Disarmament in 1922, four hundred million dollars' worth of warships were scrapped by us, while other powers were building up their navies. No ships were laid down in the following twelve years. Now, however, an effort is being made to bring our Navy to treaty strength.

Our Army at the present time ranks seventeenth. Such nations as Switzerland and Sweden are far better protected. Our Regular Army has but 130,000 men, whereas the National Defense Act provided for 165,000 men and 14,000 officers. The National Guard and Reserve Corps are equally below the figures set for them. Attendance at Citizens Military Training Camps, available each summer, dropped from 38,000 to 14,000. The Air Service, so vital in the defense of our nation, re-

quires modern planes, trained personnel and necessary bases from which to operate.

In his address at the opening session, National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of The American Legion stressed particularly the long-standing Legion plan for a Universal Service Act, which in its estimation will go a long way toward peace. Commander Belgrano said: "We are demanding, as we have demanded for more than thirteen years, that this Government take effective and specific action to remove the profit motive from war. . . . Now we are about to see that objective attained. The President of the United States has thrown his support behind our cause; the whole nation is aroused to the justice of our demand. At last our country is about to take this important step toward peace and the strengthening of our national defense. Let us unite in preparedness not for war but for peace."



Many men prominent in the Government, in the Army, Navy and other branches of our military establishment brought messages. At the annual conference dinner on the second night of the three-day session, Henry L. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, spoke on "The Navy Afloat and Ashore."

THE group of resolutions presented by Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, Chairman of the committee on resolutions, were given careful consideration before adoption. They included recommendations to the Congress regarding proper support of the merchant marine and establishment of a national merchant marine academy; special appropriations to the Army and Navy, including air services, to bring them up to required strength; the deportation of all aliens illegally in the United States and of all alien communists; the withdrawal of recognition of the Soviet government of Russia by our Government; approbation of the Senators who voted against adherence of the United States to the World Court.

Local defense conferences throughout the country were recommended by the

Advisory Board through the Chairman, Mrs. Carlson.

In a meeting of the Extension Committee, the National President of the Dames of the Loyal Legion of the United States of America was elected to the chairmanship of the 1936 conference, and the national heads of the following organizations to the first to fifth vice-chairmanship, respectively: The American Legion Auxiliary, American War Mothers, Women's Relief Corps, National Society, Daughters of the Revolution and the United States Daughters of 1812. Miss Faustine Dennis, National President of the Women's Overseas Service League, who had served the conference as first vice chairman, was elected as secretary, and Miss Helen O'Neill, Past Commander, the National Yeomen F, as treasurer.

Following the formal adjournment of the conference and the retirement of the colors, most of the delegates, led by Mrs. Carlson, made the annual pilgrimage to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery, where silent pledges of continued support of the country for which he gave his life were made.

## By the Legion—For the Town

(Continued from page 35)

town may work for. We have found that the public is not only taking the greatest interest in the actual construction work but is also with us fully in the shows and entertainments we have given to obtain funds."

### Horned Toad Derby

WHEN San Bernardino Post needed money to send its drum corps five hundred miles to its department convention, it devised a new sporting event, a horned toad derby, which stirred up the whole city.

"Southern California's horned toads are not of the froglike hopping variety," writes Norman P. Anderson. "They resemble lizards. They move like a flash, then are motionless for minutes or hours depending upon their mood. The Post bought theater tickets for children at a dime apiece, then gave a ticket to every boy or girl who brought two live horned toads to the Post clubhouse. In three days the Post had 200 reptiles. These the Post sold at \$5 each, the price including the entry fee for the big race. Newspapers published each day the names of the toad buyers and the names of their entries, with the result that political candidates, sportsmen, service clubs and lodges all entered the Legion's World Championship Horned Toad Derby. Everybody in town talked of the coming event.

"The Post charged admission of twenty-five cents to the Municipal Auditorium, the price including three hours of dancing. Post Commander James L. King introduced Mayor Ormonde W. Seccome as

official starter. When the mayor gave the signal, a big tub was overturned and the 200 toads fell to the center of a big bull's-eye which had been painted in the center of the ballroom. An outer circle had been painted twenty feet from the bull's-eye. The toad reaching the outer line first would be the winner.

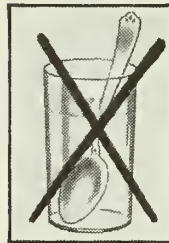
"Only four toads came to life immediately. They zig-zagged like lightning—for two or three feet. Then the 200 toads all played dead. The crowd screamed and stamped. The mayor stirred the pile, and toads zipped in every direction—but for only a few feet. The suspense was terrific. Finally three toads came to life simultaneously and bolted over the finish line, winning prizes. It was a heart and nerve testing contest, and everybody enjoyed it."

### Champion Baton-Tosser

IF ANY other Legion musical outfit has a girl mascot who can toss a baton thirty feet into the air for sixty-five straight times without dropping it, get in touch right away with C. Howard Rowton, Adjutant of the Department of Florida. Mr. Rowton hails as a new Legion champion 15-year-old Priscilla Eveleth, mascot of the Winter Haven Post Drum Corps, and he thinks it would be mighty fitting if Miss Eveleth and all other mascots could stage a contest during the St. Louis convention. Miss Eveleth, Mr. Rowton writes, practises baton tossing for a solid hour each day.

"All the musical outfits now have attractive and (Continued on page 70)

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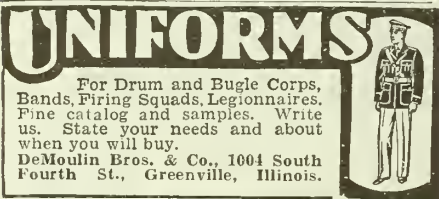
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THE AMERICAN LEGION  
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

STATEMENT OF FINANCIAL CONDITION  
January 31, 1935

<u>Assets</u>	
Cash on deposit and on hand.....	\$ 83,277.57
Notes and accounts receivable.....	36,868.12
Inventory of emblem merchandise.....	34,049.27
Invested funds.....	587,047.77
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing Corporation.....	\$553,591.40
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	181,485.69
Improved real estate, office building, Washington, D. C.....	132,137.65
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	34,174.60
Deferred charges.....	17,402.07
	\$1,660,034.14
<u>Liabilities</u>	
Current liabilities.....	31,148.87
Funds restricted as to use.....	13,687.86
Permanent trust	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	181,485.69
Reserve for investment valuation.....	73,137.14
	\$ 299,459.56
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$702,046.77
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus	\$228,073.55
Investment valuation surplus	\$430,454.26
	\$658,527.81
	\$1,660,034.14

FRANK E. SAMUEL, *National Adjutant*

## By the Legion—For the Town

(Continued from page 69)

talented mascots," Mr. Rowton says. "They don't get much chance to do their stuff outside the big parade. An exhibition by them would go over big at a national convention."

### Tournament of Roses

MORE than a million people watched Pasadena's famed Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day, and millions of others viewed it later on screens of the country's movie theaters. As usual, they saw Pasadena Post provide one of the most striking features of that great annual pageant.

They saw a huge floral cannon, centered among 11,000 tiny yellow chrysanthemums and thousands of other blooms, firing continuously colored balloons into the bright California sunshine all along the three miles of the parade route. For its exhibit, Pasadena Post won another Tournament of Roses silver cup.

The cannon was a replica of a field piece carried by General Frémont's expedition in 1843. The Legionnaires who manned it were dressed in the United States army uniform of ninety-two years ago. Legionnaires worked night and day for a week to make their float perfect.

This year, as always, Pasadena Legionnaires worked mightily on other features of the Tournament of Roses. Legionnaire J. W. McCall was chief of staff of the parade—a post he has had year after year. Assisting him were Post Adjutant Robert M. McCurdy, former National Executive Committeeman, and Legionnaires who

served as division marshals and aides. Their expert horsemanship won plaudits.

### Rollcall

J. W. SCHLAIKJER, artist, is a member J. of Winner (South Dakota) Post . . . William H. Garrigus, belongs to Russell K. Bourne Post of Wethersfield, Connecticut . . . Peter B. Kyne is a Past Historian of the California Department . . . Frederick Palmer and Charles Phelps Cushing are members of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Mayor Bernhard F. Dickmann is a charter member of Clarence Sodemann Post of St. Louis, Missouri . . . Willard Cooper belongs to General Charles Devens Post of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Herbert Morton Stoops, illustrator, belongs to Jefferson Feigl Post of New York City . . . Rupert Hughes is a member of Los Angeles (California) Post . . . Gen. H. L. Gilchrist is a Legionnaire of Washington, D. C. . . Rud Rennie belongs to William C. Morris Post, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Reverend Robert J. White of Washington, D. C. is a Past National Chaplain of The American Legion . . . Thomas J. Malone is a member of Theodor Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . Louise M. White is a member of the Auxiliary unit of Greenwich (Connecticut) Post . . . Dan Sowers belongs to Greenville (Kentucky) Post . . . Abian A. Wallgren is Commander of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania . . . John J. Noll belongs to Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.

PHILIP VON BLON

## Turn Out the Guard!

(Continued from page 40)

appointed Chairman of the Convention Reunions Committee and is anxious to offer his services to all outfits that report convention reunions to him, in arranging for banquets, or whatever may be desired. Report to Chairman Sweeney and at the same time notify the Company Clerk of the Monthly.

Particulars of the following reunions to be held in St. Louis during the convention may be obtained from the Legionnaires whose names and addresses are given:

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual meeting and reunion. Mrs. Lauretta Burke, natl. secy., 138 Mt. Vernon st., Roxbury, Mass.  
THE NATIONAL YEOMEN F—Tenth annual reunion and meeting. Miss Helen Wienhusen, natl. adjt., 7 May st., New Haven, Conn.  
1st Div.—Convention reunion. Newly organized Midwest Branch. C. D. Mitchell, adjt., Quentin Roosevelt Post, 5234 Chippewa st., St. Louis.  
4th Div.—National reunion. Send stamped envelope to Dr. Nelson Hawley, 456 Florence av., Webster Groves, Mo., for details and Chateau-Thierry medal application.  
128th F. A., 35th Div.—Reunion. Alonzo R. Keifer, secy., City Hall, St. Louis, or James K. Monteith, pres., 6801 Delmar blvd., St. Louis.  
334th F. A. Band—Proposed reunion. Leland T. Bugg, Fulton, Ky.  
5th Field S.G. Bn.—Reunion. H. C. Billingsley, Prairie du Rocher, Ill.  
21st ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—15th annual reunion. F.

G. Webster, secy.-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.  
23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—National reunion. Benny H. Benson, secy., 518 N. Cuyler av., Oak Park, Ill.  
31st Ry. ENGRS.—7th annual reunion. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104 1/2 First st., S.W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
60th Ry. ENGRS., A. E. F.—4th annual reunion. L. H. Foord, 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.  
314th ENGRS.—Reunion. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.  
AMER. R. R. TRANSP. CORPS A. E. F. VETS.—Annual convention. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Mawr st., Scranton, Pa.  
1st SEP. BRIGDE., C. A. C. VETS. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion banquet and reorganization of men who served in Camps Maily and Haussamont. William S. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.  
MOTOR TRANSP. CO. 725—Proposed reunion, Sept. 23. Carl R. Haupt, 5801 Pershing av., St. Louis.  
U. S. A. CANAL ZONE VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Louis J. Gilbert, pres., Passaic, N. J., or A. F. Goodwin, secy., Gloversville, N. Y.  
1st REGT. MARINES—Proposed reunion of men who served in Philadelphia and Cuba. E. G. MacDonald, 518 Security Bank bldg., Sheboygan, Mich.  
NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion. Harry S. Resing, cmdg. offer, 233 S. Milwood st., Wichita, Kans., or Carl D. McCarthy, personnel offer, Kempton, Ind.  
SQDRN. D. SCOTT FIELD, ILL., and A. G. S. DET., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Proposed reunion. J. E. Jennings, 1208 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky.  
MED. DET., 306th AMMUN. TRN.—Proposed reunion. Dr. R. E. Owen, 205 University Club bldg., St. Louis.  
U. S. S. St. Louis—Proposed reunion and banquet. Robert S. Kelly, chief yeoman, U. S. N., Naval War College, Newport, R. I.  
U. S. S. West Pool and Artemus—Reunion. Frank Noelke, 658 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.  
PRISONERS OF WAR AT CASSEL, GERMANY—Proposed reunion banquet. Paul Miller, Star City, Ark.



Announcements of reunions and activities at other times and places follow:

2n Div., A. E. F.—17th annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11-13. Headquarters at Netherland Plaza Hotel. Send your name to the "Gang Falls In" column; G. B. Clarkson, secy., 607 Ingalls bldg., Cincinnati.

Soc. of 5TH DIV.—National reunion, Newark, N. J., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Lloyd A. Rader, 514 Linden av., Elizabeth, N. J.

R. I. CAMP, Soc. of 5TH DIV.—Regular monthly meeting, fourth Thursday of each month, except July and Aug. Wm. Barton Bruce, secy., 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

26TH DIV. (YANKEE DIV. VETS. ASSOC.)—16th annual reunion and convention, New Haven, Conn., June 28-30. Report to Leo Maloney, P. O. Box 1536, New Haven, for copy of *The Connecticut Yankee*.

35TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Emporia, Kans., Sept. 27-29. Frank Barr, pres., care of Kansas Gas and Electric Co., Wichita, Kans.

36TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion at Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 5-6. P. Wright Armstrong, secy., 715 Pine st., New Orleans, La.

42n (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—Annual national reunion and convention, Washington, D. C., July 12-14. Report to Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, for free copy of *Rainbow Reville*. History of division will also soon be available.

82n DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and dinner (usually in New York City) will be at the Stratfield Hotel, Bridgeport, Conn., Apr. 27. J. J. Dunigan, 548 Huntington rd., Bridgeport.

104TH INF.—10th annual reunion, Athol, Mass., Apr. 26-27. Vets interested in reunion or in 104th History, report to L. A. Wagner, adjt., 201 Oak st., Holyoke, Mass.

308TH INF.—An annual memorial mass in honor of deceased comrades is held each year on Washington's Birthday, with 308th Inf. Post, A. L. For details, write to Francesco Jacobellis, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

164TH INF., Co. E, 41st DIV.—Reunion in Williston, N. D., last of Mar. or first of April. Arthur Hagen, company clerk, Williston.

BTRY. B, 55TH A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—11th annual reunion, reception and banquet, Boston, Mass., Apr. 27. J. A. Murray, chmn., 63 Leon st., care of United Drug Co., Boston.

112TH F. A., BTRY. A, 29TH DIV.—35th anniversary reunion dinner, East Orange, N. J., Apr. 27. Frank G. Dreyer, pres., 304 S. Clinton st., East Orange.

312TH F. A., 79TH DIV.—Annual reunion and banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Apr. 27. Col. Wilbur will attend. George A. Rambo, 1001 W. Lafayette st., Norristown, Pa.

59TH ART., BTRY. F, C. A. C.—Reunion dinner, Triangle Hall, Richmond Hill, N. Y., May 9. John McGrath, 3605 Glenwood rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.

13TH ENGRS., Ry.—6th annual reunion, Memphis, Tenn., June 22-23. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

34TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 25-27, in conjunction with Legion Dept. Convention. George Rempke, 310 Industries bldg., Dayton.

107TH ENGRS., 32n Div.—17th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 9, 1935. Joe Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

319TH ENGRS.—2d reunion, Fresno, Calif., Aug. 11, in conjunction with Legion Dept. Convention. James A. Buchanan, 414 Central Bank bldg., Oakland, or J. V. C. Root, Y.M.C.A., Van Nuys, Calif.

Co. F, 309TH SUP. TRN. Soc.—9th reunion, Marion, Ohio, Aug. 10-11. C. C. Perry, secy., Bardwell, Ky.

AIR SERV., LAKE CHARLES, LA. and ESSINGTON, Pa.—16th annual reunion in Essington, Pa., in May. S. H. Paul, E. Graver's Lane, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa.

SURVIVORS OF BATTLE OF KEY WEST—2d reunion in Miami, Fla., in April. All men and women who served in Navy and Navyair at Key West invited. L. C. Mount, 111 Shoreland Arcade, Miami.

U. S. S. Delaware—Proposed reunion. Write to Jack Goldberg, 111 Ellington st., Dorchester, Mass.

U. S. S. Des Moines—Reunion of all shipmates, 1917-19. Vannum J. Abbott, 4 Park st., Brandon, Vt.

U. S. S. North Carolina—Reunion of crew, 1917-19. C. W. Totten, 223 Citizens bldg., Louisville, Ky.

U. S. S. Zealandia—Proposed reunion. Leonard W. Wittman, 415 Parsells av., Rochester, N. Y.

U. S. ARMY AMB. SERV. ASSOC.—16th annual convention, Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, June 21-22. Wilbur P. Hunter, natl. adjt., 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

306TH F. H., 77TH DIV.—Proposed reunion in early summer. Ralph M. Lord, Tannersville, N. Y.

305-6-7-8TH F. H. Cos. and 305-6-7-8TH AMB. Cos., 77TH DIV.—Reunion in May. Report to Dr. Samuel A. Laitin, 45-15 Parsons blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

OHIO LEGION DEPARTMENT CONVENTION—ATTENTION ALL WORLD WAR VETERANS: The Reunions Committee of the 1935 Ohio Convention Committee wants to contact all veterans of companies or regiments that have not yet organized or had reunions. Invitation is extended to meet with the Ohio Legion Convention in Dayton, Ohio, Aug. 25-27. The committee will assist in organization and plans. George Rempke, chmn., Reunions Comm., 310 Industries bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

SIBERIAN VETS., A. E. F.—Dinner and reunion, Fresno, Calif., Aug. 20, in conjunction with Legion Dept. Convention. Report to Claude P. Deal, 134 State Capitol, Sacramento, Calif.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose

statements are required in support of claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee would like to secure information in the following cases:

67TH INF., Co. L—1st Sgt. Alva D. BRYANT, Sgts. NELSON, Neal ANNABEL and MUMFORD, 2d Lt. George ABERNANTHE and others who served with Ralph E. DAILEY in Camp Sheridan, Ala., during 1918.

U. S. S. North Carolina—Shipmates who recall Joseph DELMATER suffering with flu aboard this ship.

DEMOP. GROUP, CAMP FUNSTON, KS.—Alfred L. SUMMERS and others who recall William E. DIXON suffering with rheumatism while in charge of special duty barracks, spring of 1919.

4TH INF., Co. J, 3d Div. or 44TH REPL. Co.—Sgt. Edward KNAPP, Cpl. Wm. B. GREGORY, Privts. Eddie PRICE and Emil BENSTON, and others who recall John A. HENDERSON being injured in truck accident about Nov. 14, 1918.

50TH ENGRS., Co. A—Former officers and men who recall Capt. Joseph BRIGGS (now deceased) being ill with flu and suffering from resulting chronic cough. To assist widow.

165TH INF., Co. G—Comrades who recall Thomas B. HALFORN being struck on head by shrapnel during St. Mihiel offensive, rheumatic condition of feet and legs, and injury to eyes account gas.

51ST INF., Co. C, 6TH DIV.—Comrades who recall Charles HARRINGTON, cook.

64TH INF., Co. H, 7TH DIV.—Men who assisted Arthur F. HUEBNER carry Capt. LOGAN from the field at Thiaucourt, France, Nov. 11, 1918, and recall HUEBNER being gassed at time.

144TH INF., Co. D—Capt. Louis H. BENNY and others who recall Pvt. Walter L. KINNEBREW either in the Champagne, the Meuse-Argonne or at Base Hosp. No. 131, Nevers, France.

78TH and 79TH COS., MARINE CORPS—Theodore DANIELS, Elmer S. NORDLOFF, Chas. M. ROTH, Clifton A. DIXON, Wm. R. FOX, Cpl. C. J. WATNE, 1st Lt. Thos. WIRTH and others in action in Belleau Wood, France, between June 1 and July 14, 1918, who remember George H. KRINER.

4TH INF., Co. B, 3d Div.—Cpl. George DWYER, Pvt. Elmer W. RIECKE (both formerly of St. Louis) and others who recall Walter F. LEONHARDT falling from second floor of building in Oberwessel, Germany, about Dec. 5, 1918.

315TH ENGRS., Co. B, 90TH DIV.—Comrades, also doctors and nurses in Mesves Hosp., Evac. Hosp. 24, Ward 16, or Council Bluffs Field Hosp., who recall Patrick J. MCGUIRE having been wounded by shrapnel, Oct. 30, 1918.

239TH AERO SQDRN., KELLY FIELD, TEX., and 317TH AERO SQDRN., A. E. F.—1st Lt. Ray MORGAN, 1st Sgt. HAASE and others who recall hospitalization of H. S. PARRISH in Kelly Field and continuing ill health.

349TH INF., Co. C—Men who recall Clarence W. PETERSON being treated in Base Hosp., Camp Dodge, Iowa, Oct.-Nov., 1917, for spinal meningitis, and especially the men who were sent to hospital with him as carriers of the disease.

BAKERY Co. 336—Lewis D. LeROY who was in mumps ward of hospital at Camp Travis, spring of 1918, with Talmadge POLK. Also Sol MIKELSON, who delivered the mail, and others who recall POLK's illness.

2d Co., FORT SLOCUM, N. Y.—Sgt. Thomas E. LYNCH; also the medical officer who sent Ivan V. STANFORD to a New York hospital for an operation.

116TH ENGRS., Co. L, and 132d ENGRS., Co. B—Former comrades who recall Marvin Dewitt ("Zeb") SURBER (now deceased) having been in motorcycle accident at St. Nazaire, France. Widow needs aid.

FIELD HOSP. 137, BASE HOSPS. 51, TOUL; 91, COMMERCE; 99, HYERS, and 113 at SAVENAY—Lt. Burton E. LOVESEY, other doctors and nurses who recall James B. TOMBLEY, Co. H, 140th Inf., being patient with flu and acute bronchitis.

2d U. S. INF., Hq. Co.—Men at Camp Dodge, Iowa, between Sept. 6, 1918, and May 5, 1919, who recall Edward H. ("Young Tex") WILLIAMS being carried to Base Hosp. during middle of night account illness, fall of 1918.

Q. M. CORPS, CAMP JOHNSTON, Fla.—George H. WILTSIE, Jr., to assist Ernest C. ROOS with claim.

110TH ENGRS.—Herbert F. BARKLEY, Johnnie DISHINGER, Jean HEOGAN, Johnnie JONES, Lou HARRIS and others to assist Jim KEETON.

BERGIN, William R., served in Navy, 1917-19; 5 ft. 10 in., brown eyes, ruddy complexion, aged 43. Missing. Mother needs assistance.

MAUS, Edwin B., served with Co. F, 12th Engrs., A. E. F., aged 37, blue eyes, dark hair, fair complexion, 5 ft. 8 or 9 in. tall, about 148 lbs. Missing for five years. Mother wants assistance.

8TH FIELD SIG. BN., Co. A—Sgt. LOUBER and others to assist Harvey W. BORCK.

HOSP. No. 1, KELLY FIELD, TEX.—Medical personnel; also the lieutenant who relieved Ira C. KING of command of Prov. Co. in 2d Brgde. one night at the Field.

NAVY at NORFOLK, TRNG. STA. at HAMPTON ROADS, VA. and U. S. S. Minnesota—H. P. HOSKINSON, John M. PALMER, Albert W. WOLFE, William N. PRATT, WINN, ALSTP and others who recall James ANDERSON suffering with flat feet, also having hearing affected after his ship struck mine or was torpedoed on morning of Sept. 29, 1918.

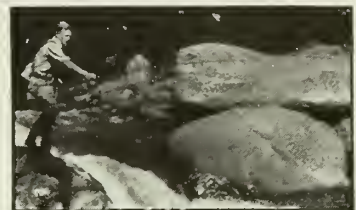
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AS MARCH began, Congress had before it all four of the proposals embodied in The American Legion's program of major legislation for 1935. The Vinson Bill, representing the proposal for the immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates in accordance with the terms of the Legion's Miami convention resolution, was the center of interest.

Meanwhile, a bill introduced by Representative John E. Rankin, Legionnaire chairman of the World War Veterans Legislation Committee of the House, called for payments to widows and orphans as originally advocated by the Legion in the Four Point Program of 1934.

At the same time, the Legion's Universal Draft plan was nearing action by Congress in the form of a bill unanimously approved by the House Military Affairs Committee. It would give the President full authority over prices in a major emergency and prohibit profiteering. This bill, sponsored by Representative McSwain, had a counterpart in the Senate, sponsored by Senator Bennett C. Clark of Missouri, member of the Senate Munitions Investigating Committee. National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., declared that the Legion would support the Universal Draft Bill "to the limit and without reservation."

The Legion's recommendations for national defense promised to prevail in both the House and the Senate as announcements were made by the chairmen of the Military Affairs and Naval Affairs Committees that almost \$1,000,000,000 would be allotted for strengthening the Army and Navy, much of this sum to come from federal works appropriations. Notable expansions of the air forces of both Army and Navy were called for.

## HOMESTEADING IS SUSPENDED

GOVERNMENT land available for homestead entries has shrunk year after year until in 1935 few tracts remain which are suitable for general farming. Prospective homesteaders in recent years have been warned against the risks of settling upon tracts which will not provide subsistence. Now, by Executive Order of the President, homesteading is suspended. The order, issued in February, withdraws from entry all public lands in twelve States, pending a survey to determine uses which will be made of much of the land in the Government's relief projects.

## CERTIFICATES AND LOANS

WHEN as expected Congress enacts a law for the full and immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates, it is estimated, based on Veterans Administration figures for September 30, 1934, that an appropriation of \$2,137,975,157 will be necessary. The total number of applications for adjusted compensation was 4,047,074. The number of certificates

issued was 3,721,066. The average value of each certificate issued was \$587. At the time the figures were prepared, 189,200 certificates had matured by death, and the amount of these was \$188,907,049. The total number of certificates in force (September 30, 1934) was 3,531,866, and the maturity value of these was \$3,485,655,879. The number of certificates pledged for loans was 2,888,530. On these, Veterans Administration loans totaled \$1,629,915,531, and liens still held by banks \$60,000,000. It is proposed that each holder of an adjusted compensation certificate receive the maturity value less the amount of any outstanding loan against his certificate. The proposal calls for cancellation of interest on loans made since the passage of the law authorizing loans up to 50 percent of face value. In addition to the bill endorsed by the Legion, more than a score of others seeking immediate payment of certificates have been introduced in Congress.

## STATE BONUS APPLICATIONS

THE Pennsylvania Department believes that more than 50,000 World War veterans entitled to payment of adjusted compensation by its State have not made application. The law authorizing payments became effective last year and no time limit has been set. Applications may be addressed to the Adjutant General's Office, Veterans Compensation Division, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

The Kansas Legislature has extended the time limit for Kansas adjusted compensation applications to January 1, 1936, and claims may be filed with the Adjutant General, State House, Topeka, Kansas. Headquarters of the Kansas Department of The American Legion, Memorial Building, Topeka, will supply application forms. Kansas applicants whose claims were disallowed by the State Compensation Board have been granted a 90-day extension, dating from June 1, 1935, for filing appeals. This right applies only to rejected applicants who have not already exercised the right of appeal and does not apply to those whose claims the courts have disallowed.

## FATHER TIME'S SCYTHE

THE Veterans Administration has no exact means of knowing how many World War veterans died in 1934 and how many will die in 1935, but it knows with reasonable accuracy, according to Carl C. Brown, National Service Officer of The American Legion. "The average age of the World War veteran in 1934 was 42, and based on actuarial experience it is estimated that the number of service men's deaths last year was 27,959," writes Mr. Brown. "In 1935, when the service man's average age is 43, 28,379 deaths are anticipated. By 1945, when the average age has risen to 53, it is estimated 52,898 men will die."





Jugs of that favored  
whiskey traveled home  
to many a cotton or tobacco  
plantation in the Blue  
Grass country



DEPARTURE from the quaint old hotel in Crab Orchard, Kentucky, was an event to be long remembered.

As they rolled away, guests might recall, with misty-eyed reminiscence, the golden-brown fried chicken, the crisp pone sticks, and other good old southern delicacies that had made Crab Orchard cooking known from Cumberland Gap clear up beyond the lazy Ohio

They might look back and long for the clear, healthful waters of Crab Orchard's famous limestone spring.

But the menfolks took one memento with them. Grinning darky boys tenderly deposited, beside the master's feet, a jug of that rich red Bourbon which helped the tiny town of Crab Orchard spread its fame.

For this local whiskey was not only rich and red and mellow—it was economical, and that was also important in those days shortly after the peace of Appomattox.

It was that same reputation of goodness combined with economy which suddenly lifted Crab Orchard to national fame, more than sixty years later.

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## VALUE!

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